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The Digest

VIEW OF REVIEWS *incorporating* THE LITERARY DIGEST

OCT. 2, 1937

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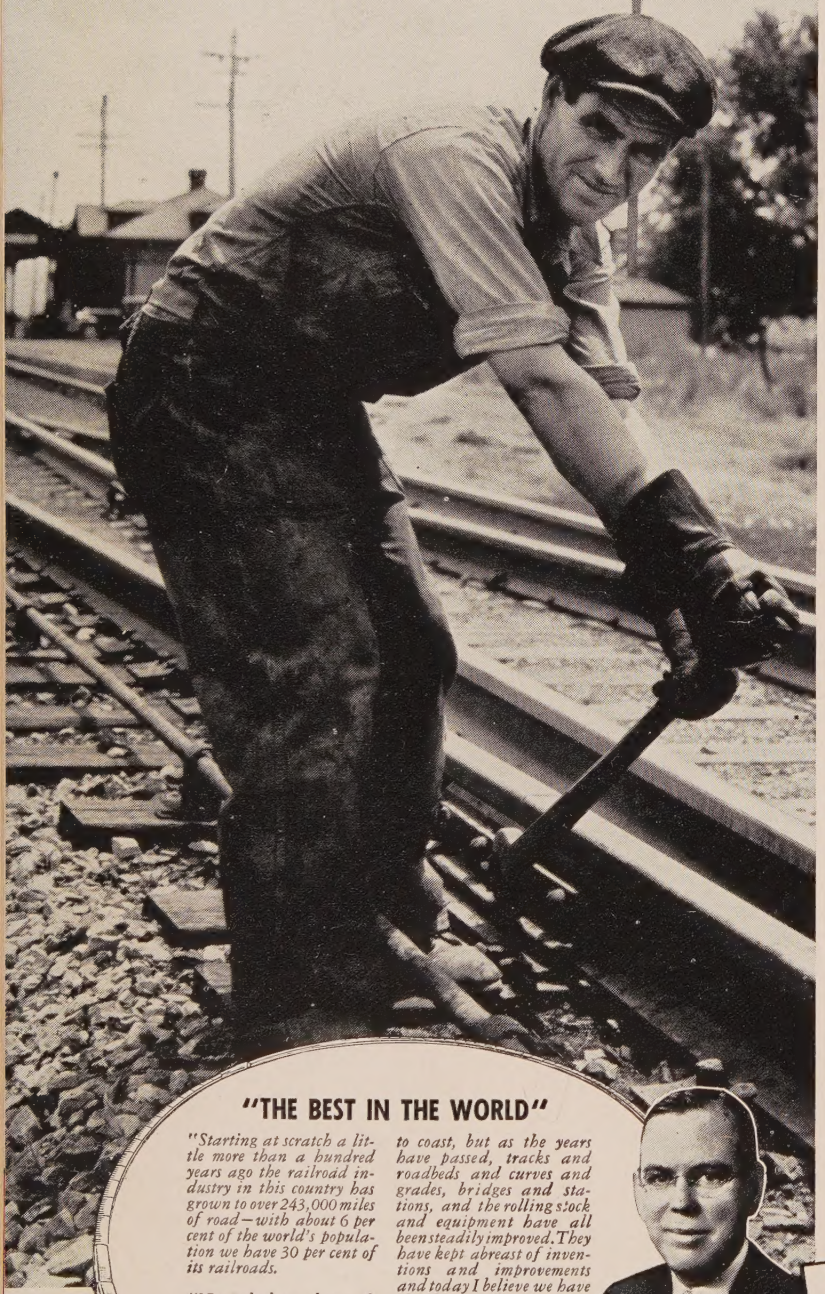
A Job that's never Finished



FEW of us realize how true it is that a railroad is never completed.

Spectacular new trains, mighty locomotives, air conditioning, are only steps in a process of improvement that's *continually* going forward.

You can see it in the way the railroads do their job and the equipment with which they do it.

Freight moves fifty per cent faster, for example, than it did a few years ago.

Passenger trains are faster and smoother.

Service of all sorts is more dependable, more complete.

Light bridges have been replaced with stronger ones.

Thousands of miles of heavier rails have been laid.

Curves have been straightened out; grades have been cut down.

Without these improvements and the thousands of others which the railroads have made year by year, they would never have achieved their spectacular advance in service, in dependability, in speed, and in safety—the things that make railroad transportation the bargain it is today.

This steady march of progress cannot be continued if the railroads are burdened with laws and regulations which increase their costs of operation, or which handicap them in fair competition for business.

Only if railroads have equality of treatment and opportunity for adequate earnings, can the progress, which is so vital not only to the railroads but to industry, agriculture, all of us, be continued.

"THE BEST IN THE WORLD"

"Starting at scratch a little more than a hundred years ago the railroad industry in this country has grown to over 243,000 miles of road—with about 6 per cent of the world's population we have 30 per cent of its railroads.

"Not only have these railroads been created, spanning the country from coast to coast, but as the years have passed, tracks and roadbeds and curves and grades, bridges and stations, and the rolling stock and equipment have all been steadily improved. They have kept abreast of inventions and improvements and today I believe we have the best railroad transportation service in the world."

From a recent address by PHILIP A. BENSON, *Pres.* Dime Savings Bank, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SAFETY FIRST— *friendliness too!*

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR., once said: *"The ability to deal with people is as purchasable a commodity as sugar or coffee. I will pay more for that ability than for any other under the sun."*

Wouldn't you suppose every college would conduct practical courses to develop this "highest-priced ability under the sun"? To our knowledge, none has.

How to develop that ability is the subject of Dale Carnegie's book.

A few years ago Chicago University and the United Y.M.C.A. Schools made a survey to find out the prime interest of adults. The survey took two years, cost $25,000. It indicated that their first interest is health—and their second, how to understand and get along with *people;* how to make people like you; how to win others to your way of thinking.

Wouldn't you suppose that after the members of this survey committee had decided to *give* such a course, they could readily have found a practical textbook? They searched diligently—yet could find none suitable.

The book they were looking for was published not long ago. Almost overnight it became a best seller. It is today the fastest-selling book published in the twentieth century. More than 600,000 *copies have been sold to date! It is outselling any other book in America!*

The Man Behind This Book

This book is called *How to Win Friends and Influence People*—and is written by the one man perhaps better qualified to write it than anyone else.

Dale Carnegie is the man to whom the big men of business come for practical guidance on getting along with people successfully. During the last 25 years he has trained more than 17,000 business and professional men and women—among them some of the most famous in the country.

When he conducts his course on How to Influence People and on Public Speaking in the ballroom of the Hotel Commodore or The Pennsylvania, or the Hotel Astor (second largest hall in New York), it is packed to capacity. Large organizations—such as The New York Telephone Co., Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., and many others listed elsewhere on this page—have had this training conducted by Mr. Carnegie for their executives.

This book grew out of that vast laboratory of experience. As the panel at the top of this page shows, it is as practical as 25 years' success with the problems of thousands in all walks of life can make it.

The Case of Michael O'Neil

Michael O'Neil lives in New York City. He first got a job as a mechanic. When he got married he needed more money. So he tried to sell automobile trucks. But he was a terrible flop.

An inferiority complex was eating his heart out. On his way to see any prospect, he broke out into a cold sweat. Before he could get up courage to open an office door, he had to walk past it half a dozen times.

When he finally got in, he would invariably find himself antagonizing, arguing. Then he would get kicked out—never knowing quite why.

He was such a failure he decided to go back to work in a machine shop. Then one day he received a letter inviting him to attend the opening session of a Dale Carnegie course.

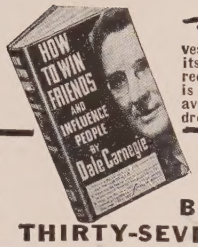
"It may do you some good, Mike. God knows you need it"

He didn't want to go—was afraid he would be out of place. But his despairing wife made him, saying, "It may do you some good, Mike. God knows you need it."

He went to the meeting. Then he attended every other meeting of the course. He lost his fear, learned how to talk convincingly, how to make people like him at once, how to win friends and influence others.

Today Michael O'Neil is a star salesman for one of the country's largest manufacturers of motor trucks. His income has skyrocketed. Last year at the Hotel Astor, he stood before 2500 people and told a rollicking story of his achievements. Few professional speakers could have equalled his confidence—or his reception.

Michael O'Neil's problem was exactly the same as that of thousands in other fields—the fundamental one of *getting along with people.* He is just one example of what Dale Carnegie's help has meant to more than 17,000 others in all types of endeavor. *What Dale Carnegie has done for them he can do for you.* Look at the chapter headings. They indicate the amount of hard-hitting, priceless information his book contains. But the subject is so intensely important that we say, look at this book without obligation. *Then* decide whether or not you want to own it.



More than 600,000 people have already invested in this book. And out of its practical pages they have received how-to-do-it help that is daily opening up to them new avenues of happiness and undreamed-of success.

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- Nine Ways to Change People Without Giving Offense or Arousing Resentment
- How to Criticize—and Not Be Hated for It
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DALE CARNEGIE

Dale Carnegie is the man the men of business come to for practical instruction in getting along with people. During the last 25 years, he has trained more than 17,000 business and professional men—more than any other living man.

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Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania	Philadelphia Gas Works Co.
American Institute of Electrical Engineers, New York	Carrier Engineering Corp.
McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., New York	Philadelphia Association of Life Underwriters
Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce	

have had this training conducted in their own offices for their executives.

This book grew out of that vast laboratory of experience—the first and only laboratory of its kind in existence.

SEND NO MONEY

Try Dealing THIS WAY with People —for just FIVE Days!

This book is sweeping the country. It is leading every best-seller list. The presses are running *continuously* to turn out 25,000 copies a week.

When you get your copy, simply *read* it; there are no "exercises" to practice. Then try for five days Dale Carnegie's simple method of dealing with people. Judge for yourself, in your daily life, how easily whatever you do, say, or write can win the friendship and hearty cooperation of others—instead of arousing resentment, friction, or no action at all.

It is not necessary to send any money now. You may pay for *"How to Win Friends and Influence People"* when it is delivered—with the definite understanding that its price of only $1.96 will be refunded to you if you wish it. If this book does what we claim, it will mean more to you *than ANY book you have ever read.* If it doesn't, we do not want you to keep it. Mail this coupon at once.

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The Digest

Review of Reviews incorporating The Literary Digest

ALBERT SHAW, EDITOR
Albert Shaw, Jr., Publisher

OCTOBER 2, 1937

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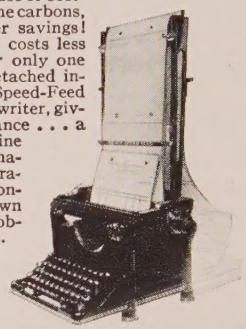

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Pro patria

North Weymouth, Mass.—History shows that a homeland never has been acquired or kept by oratory. Scotland, Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, all with far fewer racials living than the combined forces of Israel and Judah, never hesitated to make sacrifices of their wealth and of their lives, to establish just claims. Yet the vast bulk of Jews in the world reveal little interest in any Jewish homeland. Some of them, from a variety of motives, proclaim such interest; others of them have shown genuine interest by migrating to Palestine. Meanwhile, in our country, we have an array of politicians manifesting a fervent interest in Palestine. This is true largely in communities where there is a substantial Jewish vote, or where there is Jewish advertising to motivate silly editors who fancy they advance their own interest by clamoring for "justice."

The Palestine affair is none of our business. It is Britain's problem; let her solve it. Our Jews here appear to be pretty fair citizens, hard-working, family folk, and decent. They have their antic group, of course, and their criminals, as all other creeds have. There is no racial Jew, as such, unified; those born and reared here are apt to be stout Americans.

If any of our Jews are steamed up over Palestine, obviously they should contribute their all, including their selves, to Zionism. And such of our politicians, whether lowly hacks or exalted demagogues, who feel latherish, let them, too, prove their devotion by hopping to Haifa and begin eviscerating Arabs and Britons. Otherwise, won't they modulate their tones and diminish their volume?—*James McLeod*

Production control

Newberg, Ore.—I believe that farm production should be regulated by the Government. I have been told that it would be erroneous to diminish food supplies when there are millions of people underfed, and that the thing to do would be to increase consumption by giving those people the means to earn an ample supply of food and other necessities.

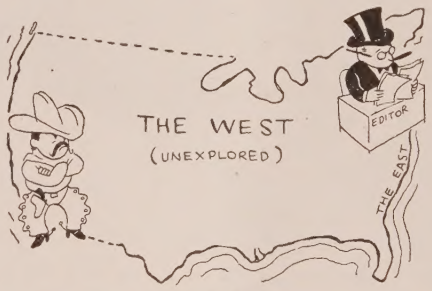
I heartily agree with giving everybody an opportunity to earn a good living, but that certainly would not solve the problem of overproduction, because the territory of the United States could support a much larger population than it now has. If the demand for farm produce is increased, the supply will continue to be increased beyond the right proportion.

I have also heard the objection that such procedure would constitute an anti-American privilege; but the farmers, through no fault of theirs, are in a disadvantageous situation to hold their own; crop regulation would give them economic parity with industrial groups.

The efforts of the present government to remedy the ill have been called a policy of scarcity, but in no way is this term justified. In the first place, it is not intended to reduce production below a degree of plenty; and, second, that policy would give the farmer an equitable measure of prosperity, and benefit the rest of the people.—*R. Villasenor*

Farm prices

Yuma, Arizona—It is an axiom that when the farmers prosper, everybody prospers. We all remember that when the farmers were going broke by the thousands in the



late twenties, the whole country went broke. If Yuma Valley is any criterion for the rest of the country, then the present prosperity can be credited at least 90 per cent to the farmers.

Since the government curtailed acreage planting, thereby raising prices of farm produce to a profit standard, practically every farmer in the Yuma Valley has bought a new tractor, car, implements, and household goods. All industry spurted, giving employment to millions of the urban idle.

Here is a solution to the farm problem: There are a few thousand rich individuals and corporations who own or control millions of acres of the choicest and most productive soil. This land they farm on such a large scale, with the best equipment and with expert scientific management, that they can raise all manner of farm produce at a profit for a price that the millions of us lesser fry—the real consumers—would starve on.

Were these rich farmers, who farm as a side issue, to agree to curtail their plantings about 50 per cent to the point where the country was raising just enough to supply the market, they would make more money than they would if the government were to remove its support. Then the government would not need to raise taxes to help us, and we could continue to buy and help industry to thrive. —*F. J. Martin*

El Salvador

New York, N. Y.—Señor Hector David Castro, diplomatic representative of El Salvador in the United States, informed the readers of THE DIGEST that he "read with a sincere feeling of protest the article against my government" published in the June 19 *Literary Digest.*

Señor Castro in all probability is not a holder of Salvadorian bonds repudiated in part with respect to the bulk, and *in toto* with respect to a fair portion. He speaks of "a just agreement" with bondholders. How can an agreement be termed "just" which calls upon creditors to accept a reduction of 50 per cent?

Furthermore, how can the representative of El Salvador explain away the complete disregard of his government for the rights and privileges of American creditors, who refused to collect the interest due them through the medium of a committee which, for apparently no good reason, made exorbitant charges?

Will Señor Castro advise what American holders of Salvadorian loans, willing to accept the reduced rate of interest, are to do now? Since they are willing to accept the "just" agreement with Salvador, why should the republic refuse them the right to do so?

If Señor Castro expects Americans to heed his protest, he, too, should give serious and prompt consideration to the protests of those who today are holders of the completely defaulted obligations of his government.—*Max Winkler*

Reservations

St. Paul, Minn.—Your editorial of September 4 expresses very candidly what the American public, in general, feels respecting the present political situation. You have listed in the brief span of a page a condensed, but thorough, history of a great man's efforts, his personality, and his recent tendencies. Your thoughts regarding his policies confirm in a most articulate manner just what everybody of intelligence thinks. Your expression "this country is entitled to four months of wholesome neglect on the part of Mr. Roosevelt," represents—*in toto*—the wish of the people.

You are right, we do have confidence in our President; but there are reservations, even in this confidence, which have amounted to misgivings.

Let us hope that our President's ability in the future to straighten out our many recent exigencies is equal to the zeal with which he plunged the country into them.—*Wallace Bell, Jr.*

PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD

PRESIDENTIAL COTTON, raised on Franklin Roosevelt's farm on Pine Mountain, near Warm Springs in Georgia. Forty acres were planted to cotton, while the rest of the 2000 acres was given over to corn and other feed crops for a herd of 75 white-faced Hereford cows. If the President gets 200 pounds of cotton per acre, he has about 16 bales out of the South's 16-million-bale crop. Rain helped the boll weevil to keep the presidential yield down. Elsewhere, this year's crop is the largest since 1931, and the Southern planter is fairly prosperous. Uncle Sam practically guarantees him 12 cents a pound, $60 a bale, therefore almost $1,000,000,000 for the crop. The cotton farmer, in return, is asked to reduce the acreage planted for next year's harvest

The Digest

STORY OF A WEEK

TIMES CHANGE and we change with them, thousands of commentators have noted on as many occasions through history. Now they are noting it again, for Charlie Chaplin, last-gasp opponent of sound-pictures, finally has given in and will appear in a talkie.

Simultaneously, the silent-picture Chaplin passes away—oversize shoes, wistful smile, skidding walk, and all. *Modern Times*, the last Chaplin picture, showed what horrendous misadventures modern times could inflict on him. Now they have done him in, indeed. Yet they did give him opportunity to adjust himself. Sound pictures, becoming practical nine years ago, became popular slowly. Usually modern times change with ruthless rapidity. One minute we have never heard of, and the next we are all devoted to, a ventriloquist's wooden dummy. One minute it is a crime to carry a pint of elderberry wine to Aunt Martha, and the next minute a cocktail lounge opens its doors in Main Street. One minute we rush into something called NRA, and the next minute we read the Associated Press announcement about Percy Patrick Posey, of Tucson, Arizona.

After a period of unemployment, the AP reports, Mr. Posey believes he has landed a job. Mr. Percy's old job was to imitate the cry of the blue eagle in radio broadcasts.

Island in the sky

WHEN MARK TWAIN wanted to turn back the clock to King Arthur's time, he hit a Connecticut Yankee on the head with a crowbar. Recently the American Museum of Natural History did its more laborious reversing of time by sending an expedition to scale hitherto-unconquered Shiva Temple in the Grand Canyon of Arizona and study flora and fauna supposedly isolated since the ice age. Between 12,000 and 35,000 years ago, the theory ran, receding glaciers sliced away the land around the Temple and neighboring Wotan's Throne, leaving life cut off on the islands in the sky. Tied together, the scientists had to climb a sheer 350-foot sandstone wall to reach the primeval 275-acre forest of Shiva Temple, a mile and a half above sea level, and 1,200 feet above the rim of the canyon.

Just as Charles Darwin on his voyage to isolated Pacific Islands discovered the law of natural selection, Dr. Harold E. Anthony, leader of the party, expected to "find out what adaptations were necessary to enable . . . animals to live on isolated plateaus." When he found no water he assumed that any animals living there had developed permanent characteristics enabling them to subsist on plant moisture and occasional rainfall.

The finding of deer antlers, arrow chippings, and stone implements (estimated to date back 1000 years) disproved the hypothesis that the Temple had been isolated since the glaciers receded. More cheering were leaf-eared mice, cottontail rabbits, and chipmunks with unusual gray streaks down their backs. Comparison of these animals with similar ones from the rim of the canyon may show effects of the isolated waterless environment.

WIDE WORLD

STATE DEPARTMENT chiefs at the White House to discuss wars in Asia and Europe. Left, Secretary Hull. Right, Norman Davis, ambassador-at-large

On the Constitution

IF THERE WERE any lingering doubts as to whether Franklin Roosevelt intends to press his socio-economic program despite a divided and rebellious Congress, his speech commemorating the signing of the Constitution must have removed them.

"I am not a pessimist," he reminded a throng of 65,000 assembled within the shadow of Washington Monument—a crowd strangely indifferent at times to the President's well-turned and beautifully delivered phrases. "I believe that democratic government in this country can do all the things which common-sense people . . . have the right to expect. I believe that these things can be done under the Constitution, without the surrender of a single one of the civil and religious liberties it was intended to safeguard. And I am determined that under the Constitution these things shall be done. . . . The Constitution of the United States was a layman's document, not a lawyer's brief.

"The Constitution says nothing about any power of the Court to declare legislation unconstitutional; nor does it mention the number of judges for the Court. . . . Four times the Constitutional Convention voted down proposals to give Justices of the Court a veto over legislation. . . . I ask that [the people] give their fealty to the Constitution itself and not to its misinterpreters."

Presidential tour

ARE THE American masses behind President Roosevelt's interpretation of the Constitution?

INTERNATIONAL

RIVALS for election as commander of the American Legion were Stephen Chadwick (left), Washington, and Daniel Doherty, Massachusetts

Last spring many a Democratic Senator, impressed by a landslide of letters from home that were running 3 to 1 against the administration plan for enlarging the Supreme Court, resolved to stand against the party leader. Conspicuous were Burton K. Wheeler of Montana and Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming.

Nevertheless Franklin Roosevelt was so convinced that Americans down on the street and out in the country wanted his brand of judicial reform that twice he took to the microphone to talk about it. He was equally convinced that the nation wanted a law for the regulation of wages and hours in industry and the elimination of child labor; another law for crop control and an "ever-normal granary"; another for reshuffling Washington bureaus and reorganizing the administrative branch of the Government; another for "seven regional TVA's."

Refusing to get behind this program, Senate and House must have felt that America was not so passionately pro-New Deal and pro-Roosevelt as the President imagined. Who was right, he or they?

Last week, Franklin Roosevelt set out on a 12-day round trip to Seattle. Ostensibly, the purpose of the trip is to give the President a chance to visit his grandchildren, "Sistie" and "Buzzie" Dall, and to inspect three great federal dam projects—Grand Coulee, Bonneville, and Fort Peck. But there was little doubt that the underlying purpose was for the President to hear at first hand the answer to this burning political question. There was provision for numerous platform speeches, three or four in the states of those recalcitrants, Wheeler and O'Mahoney.

Klan and Court

THE UNITED STATES Supreme Court will open its fall term Monday, but in a most peculiar atmosphere. For the questions the country will be asking are not what cases the Justices will consider or how they will decide them, but whether or not their new associate, Hugo L. Black, is or was a member of the Ku Klux Klan.

Reverberations following first reports that he was did not die down last week. Complete or partial defenses of him multiplied, but were still few by comparison with criticisms which declared that the President had made a grave mistake in this appointment, and the Senate another in confirming it. A quick cross-section of the defense and attack:

Defense: "Senator Bankhead of Alabama hit the nail on the head when he declared the appointment was merited by service and party loyalty."—Senator Andrews, Democrat, of Florida.

"It is my sincere hope that . . . at least four more of Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black's sterling liberalism be placed on the Court."—Representative J. J. O'Connell, Democrat, of Montana.

"The charge against Justice Black is that he belonged to the dead, departed Klan of the early '20's. His crime is that he is a friend of American labor and a foe of Wall Street plutocracy."—Jay Franklin, Philadelphia *Record*.

Attack: "Pardon me, friends, while I bust a few ribs laughing at our earnest, intellectual pals over there on the Left, the ideology blokes who dusted off a spot on the floor and threw themselves a fit of jubilation over the appointment of Hugo Black to the United States Supreme Court as a great progressive victory."—Westbrook Pegler, New York *World-Telegram*.

"If the charges are true, the President should ask for Black's resignation."—Senator Wheeler, Democrat, of Montana.

"There is a klan and there are kleagles, kladds, kludds, klonvokations, etc. To these Mr. Roosevelt has added a klonstitution and a Supreme Klort."—Chicago *Tribune*.

Mr. Hull's treaties

RECIPROCAL trade is the cornerstone of President Roosevelt's foreign policy. The man who, singlehandedly, lifted this mighty cornerstone into place is the kindly, frail, ascetic-looking Secretary of State, Cordell Hull. When Mr. Hull coaxes Great Britain into the growing circle of "good neighbors" with whom he has made trade agreements, he probably will have reached the climax of his diplomatic career. Last week he was thrilled to hear the British Foreign Minister, Anthony Eden, announce publicly:

"I very much hope that it may be found possible for the United Kingdom . . . before very long to reach an agreement with the United States for the reduction of customs duties on a most-favored-nation basis. Such an agreement would redound not only to our own advantage, but to that of the whole world."

An old school Democrat who is convinced that high tariffs mean depression, even war, Hull had to wait until 1934 to talk to the world about reciprocity. Then Congress delegated to him—vicariously through the President—power to slash ex-

ACME

NEW YORK entertained the American Legion last week, or vice versa. Union pickets ask Legion support, though the Legion is not pro-labor

isting tariffs as much as 50 per cent (the last Congress renewed this power for three years). It was the lanky Tennesseean's big moment. For ten years America had been piling tariff upon tariff to keep out competitive goods. Other countries had retaliated until, at the depth of depression, international trade had dwindled to mere bilateral swapping.

Now Hull could come forward with his scheme to punch holes as big as a tramp steamer through nationalistic tariff barriers. He called it trade bargaining. Let duties on the chief products we buy from a given nation be slashed wherever possible without crippling American industry, he said. In return, let that nation grant us similar concessions. Further, let us extend the concessions we make for any country to all countries having "most-favored-nation" agreements with us.

It is on this last point that industrialists deplore the pending treaty with Czechoslovakia. Chinaware and shoe manufacturers protest that tariff reductions on these Czechoslovakian products would enable Japan, a most-favored nation, to flood the American market.

For three years Secretary Hull has withstood similar protests from watchmakers, lumber interests, and others. He admits that, in his horse-trading, farmers and other Americans occasionally get a blind nag, but as a rule he can defend his policy with figures. In one year imports from Brazil (the first of sixteen countries to sign trade agreements) went up 2.3 per cent; exports to Brazil increased 12.3 per cent. In one year, however, Canada bought 19 per cent more from us than she used to, and sold us 31 per cent more.

But if reciprocity invites an unfavorable trade balance, it lops the tops off tariffs, which pleases Mr. Hull no end.

Exit General Johnson?

DURING his boyhood at Fort Scott, Kansas, Hugh S. Johnson ate, slept, and learned to spell to the discordant accompaniment of bugle calls, whinnying cavalry horses, and bawling top sergeants. It was natural, therefore, that as a young man he should turn first to West Point and then to a career in the army. During thirteen years of routine service along the Mexican border, he earned the monniker "Tuffy," yet he was sentimental enough to produce *Williams of West Point* and *Williams on Service,* two boys' books chockfull of chivalry, courage, and last-minute touchdowns.

Though Johnson was a member of the Pershing Expedition which dashed over the border after that terror of the cactus country, Villa, he was not a member of Pershing's A.E.F. Instead of going to France, he remained in Washington to donate his energy and executive ability to Bernard M. Baruch's War Industries Board, which was organizing business under emergency war codes. He busied himself, too, with drawing up the monumental selective draft act of 1917.

The Armistice signed, Brigadier General Johnson retired from the army to enter business, and to remain anonymous for thirteen years. Then came in quick succession the depression, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the New Deal. Johnson hurried to Washington with a tremendous idea involving all three. By June, 1933, there was a National Industrial Recovery Act, and an administrator named Johnson whose job it was to sell to Industry the idea of fair-trade-practice codes reminiscent of those of war-time. The nickname "Tuffy" was revived, this time to describe the tireless executive ready to crack down on chiselers at the drop of a hat.

The press called Hugh Johnson "President No. 2." The sobriquet was apt, not only because of the General's sweeping power over workers and industrialists under NRA, but because Franklin Roosevelt himself considered "Tuffy" the ablest general on his staff.

When he returned to private life, and to his typewriter, in October, 1934, Johnson continued to support his former chief. He championed the Democratic cause in his widely syndicated newspaper column throughout the 1936 campaign. But when the President made his sensational demands last spring for enlargement of the Supreme Court, executive reorganization, the ever-normal granary, etc., ex-"President No. 2" turned frigid.

By last week the two old friends seemed as close to a formal break as two men can be. For, in a Constitution Day speech replete with sulphurous Johnsonian adjectives, the General had rasped:

"Under the seduction of ballyhoo, bribery, and charm, we are moving away from the democracy imagined by the Constitution and straight toward as rigid a dictatorship as there is on earth."

INTERNATIONAL

MRS. SARAH DELANO ROOSEVELT, mother of the President, chats with the French Foreign Minister, Yvon Delbos, at a luncheon given in her honor in Paris

Legion convention

"LEARN for yourself that New York is just a grown-up small town—warm-hearted, excitable, proud to play host to important visitors," ran the recent appeal to the million American Legionnaires anticipating their nineteenth annual convention. So last week World War veterans and their families doubled their previous convention record, took possession of the city, and showed self-satisfied New York just how small it is.

Accustomed to huge gatherings, New York's 7,000,000 souls nevertheless blinked their eyes. This was the largest convention it ever entertained: 300 bands blaring in its longest and noisiest parade; 85,000 marchers starting up Fifth Avenue at 9 A. M. and still tramping at 3 the next morning; 96 fighting planes maneuvering over Manhattan; the Atlantic fleet anchored in the Hudson; every hotel room in the city occupied, requiring 2,000,000 additional sheets; 500,000 gallons of beer consumed; 4,000,000 extra telephone calls; Florida alligators wandering through Times Square; show windows barricaded; acres of bunting, flags, and emblems coaxing $25,000,000 into the city's coffers. There is nothing else quite like it.

While the Legion painted the town red, white, and blue, the departments of sanitation and police canceled all leaves and placed their men on 24-hour duty. The fire department guarded signal boxes to prevent false alarms and politely detoured to keep from interrupting parades. Police Commissioner Valentine directed his men to arrest known criminals on sight and to be tough on petty racketeers,

DIGEST PHOTO FROM EUROPEAN

NAZI PARTY CONFERENCE at Nuremberg was marked by the presence of foreign diplomats, including one from the United States. These parading diplomats lived in sleeping-cars shown on the siding

but to wink at veterans' horseplay and violations of the antinoise ordinance. Harry M. Colmery, retiring commander of the Legion, described the mass frivolity as "only the average reactions of American men."

When the convention disbanded, the nation's politicians heaved a sigh of relief. No demand for general pensions was suggested, though Washington fears that, some one of these years, the Legion will about-face and demand pensions for all. This year it merely elected a new commander, denounced alien isms, and heard the customary demands from a great variety of speakers for neutrality, adequate military defense, universal military service, and the drafting of capital and labor in war-time.

New York election

NEW YORK CITY'S myriad millions will troop to the polls November 2 to elect a mayor and, so doing, create a figure of national stature.

One of the two opposing candidates will be Fiorello LaGuardia, a progressive "soloist" in politics, who won the Republican nomination in New York City's recent primaries. Mayor LaGuardia defeated Senator Royal S. Copeland, anti-New Deal Democrat, who—believe it or not—ran in the Republican primary as the candidate of Tammany Hall.

The other candidate on November 2 will be Jeremiah T. Mahoney, Democrat, pro-Roosevelt inside and out. In the Democratic primary, he too defeated Senator Copeland, who thus suffered double disaster. A sizable, spontaneous write-in vote for LaGuardia also marked this Democratic primary, although he had not entered it.

What the two primaries proved seems to depend on those who interpret the results. The New York *Times,* usually Democratic, believes that the results "include an overwhelming defeat for Tammany, a great victory for Mayor LaGuardia, a rebuke to former Governor Alfred E. Smith, understood to have been Senator Copeland's original sponsor, and the removal of the New Deal as an issue in the campaign for the general election in November."

The New York *Sun,* usually Republican, agrees that the primaries struck blows at Smith and Tammany. Furthermore: "As chief supporter of Mr. Mahoney, Mr. Farley is now in a position to dictate the selection of a new leader of the Hall who will take orders from Washington . . . The primary voting gave unmistakable evidence of the strong New Deal trend in this city, which only a year ago gave Mr. Roosevelt more than a million plurality. [Yet Dr. Copeland's] combined vote in the two primaries, if taken as a New Deal protest, shows a tremendous gain in the opposition to the Roosevelt administration."

Mr. Mahoney faces the election expecting the bulk of his votes to come from regular enrolled New York City Democrats, of whom there are about 2,300,000. If he wins this race for the highest position in the country's largest city, he will be a man of influence in state and national affairs of his party. Until now Mahoney's career has been that of judge and sportsman.

Mayor LaGuardia awaits November 2 expecting his votes to come from Republicans, from Fusionists, from independent Democrats, and from labor unionists—as they did four years ago, when he won as a reform candidate, giving Tammany its first setback in years. If he wins again, one thing is sure: fewer persons will smile the next time William Allen White, Kansas editor, suggests him for the next Republican nomination for President.

Bridges vs. Beck

IN SAN FRANCISCO last week the month-old war "to the finish," involving two great labor organizations and two stubborn leaders, was working up to a climax. Neither the longshoremen, backed by the C.I.O. and led by Harry Bridges, nor the teamsters, backed by the A.F. of L. and led by Dave Beck, had any thought of yielding.

Bridges gained fame as chairman of the strike committee in San Francisco's 1934

general strike. As John L. Lewis' first lieutenant on the coast he hopes to weld the western maritime unions into a great C.I.O.-dominated federation. Already he has more than 20,000 longshoremen who, following his militant leadership, trailed out of the A.F. of L. International Longshoremen's Association and into the C.I.O. Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union. Now he is out to round up warehousemen, 8000 of them, who toil in the San Francisco Bay region.

A month ago the Brotherhood of Teamsters, bossed in the West by Dave Beck, the barrel-chested labor dictator of Seattle, decided to fling their wagons and trucks athwart Bridges' path. He could have *dock* warehousemen in his union, they conceded; but *inland* warehousemen should come under teamster jurisdiction, as on the Atlantic seaboard.

When Bridges, the determined C.I.O. leader, pressed on, the teamsters struck. Ships continued to tie up inside the Golden Gate. Longshoremen and warehousemen continued to stack crates, bales, and barrels on the docks. But there the cargoes, branded "hot" by the teamsters, remained.

William Green, A.F. of L. president, no less worried by Bridges' ambitions than Dave Beck, gave the teamsters' finish fight his stanch support. "The trouble arose," he observed, "because of the determination of certain extremists to secure control of the labor movement on the West coast. . . . Bridges is marching inland and attempting to impose his will by force."

With the belligerent Beck threatening daily to "close every port on the Pacific coast" unless the C.I.O. dropped its organization drive, two peace moves were suggested. The first was that the National Labor Relations Board hold an election to determine whose leadership the warehousemen preferred. At this the teamsters balked, having made no attempt to organize the warehousemen; last week the N.L.R.B., finding that the C.I.O. union represented a majority, decided that an election was unnecessary. Under the second plan, President Roosevelt would appoint a commission to mediate.

Meanwhile, the West coast shipping industry stood helplessly by, watching its losses soar past the million-dollar mark.

ACME

BLOOD FLAG, sacred nazi symbol, dipped in the blood of those slain in the putsch of Nov., 1923

Western front

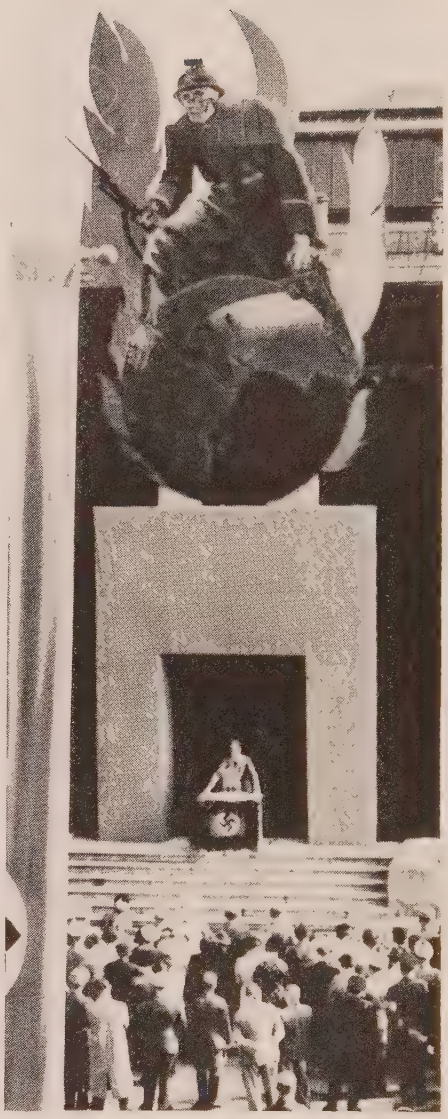
THE SPANISH civil war, hardly "civil" any longer, shifts to Geneva as the League of Nations fumes and fusses. Rebel lobbyists on General Franco's side are expelled from Swiss territory, but loyalist delegates are refused League of Nations seats, to which they are entitled by Spain's charter membership. Latin-American states appear responsible for this pro-rebel, anti-loyalist attitude, for reasons outlined on the next page (see "South American side light").

Italy plans to join nine "anti-piracy" powers of the Nyon conference, by which Franco-British warships take the lead at pirate-hunting in the Mediterranean. Once Uncle Sam hunted North African Barbary pirates in these same waters, when outraged President Jefferson tried what Premier Chamberlain attempts today. Then it was "green" Tripolitani; now it appears to be "black" Fascisti. Hereabouts also, in 66 B.C., old Roman Pompey chased villainous Cilician buccaneers to a 100 per cent finish.

Russia and the Spanish loyalists' premier, angry Dr. Juan Negrin, agree that the Mediterranean pirates are Italian. The League of Nations refuses to seat rebels in the place of loyalists. The war itself, on the various Iberian fronts, gets duller and duller. Perhaps, when Franco runs out of Moors and Miaja runs out of Internationals, it may come to an end. Native Spaniards have hardly distinguished themselves. De luxe German and Russian technicians, on the other hand, have made a Roman holiday of the hideous debacle as they serve respectively on the "white" and "red" sides.

From Russia they embark, with supplies and munitions, at Odessa and other Black Sea spots. Thence to Valencia and Barcelona, eastern Spanish loyalist ports, where Russian airplanes need Russian petroleum supplies which "pirate" submarines now attempt to shut off. In Germany, Hamburg is the jumping-off place. One local quay is nicknamed "Franco wharf." Sheds Nos. 32, 33, 34, and 37 are notorious assembly and embarkation points for tanks and anti-aircraft artillery en route to rebel Spain; also for many million rounds of machine-gun and rifle ammunition. Shed No. 7 has been reserved for German coffins—*from* Spain.

German technicians leave Hamburg dressed as "tourists" or "sportsmen"—which, in a sense, they are. After a week or two of Spanish sun, these blond Teutons are tanned into "Spaniards," while Miaja's grim Internationals (including desperate German exiles of the Ernst Thaelmann battalion) tend to blacken blue Teutonic eyes.



ANTI-COMMUNIST exhibit at Hitler's Nuremberg Congress. His pet hate these days is Russia, pictured here as menacing the world

Eastern front

LAST WEEK no decisive battle was fought in China. The still undeclared war dragged on stupidly, though not as fatuously as that in Spain. China appealed to the League, as she did in the hopeless Manchurian crisis of 1931, and the League passed the buck to a special 23-power advisory committee in which your puzzled Uncle Sam is represented by an equally puzzled observer. Japan, who got out of the League five years ago, declared she would allow no outside interference between herself and the Chinese.

Japan had 125,000 fighters on the offensive in North China—her mightiest mili-

tary effort since 1904, when the cocky little Nipponese worsted Russia. In the Shanghai area, the Chinese withdrew from the defensive river fronts to fresh lines out of range of the Japanese navy's heavy artillery. At intervals, here and there, Chinamen counter-attacked.

South of Peiping, Japanese troops were broadly spread out in three columns, aiming for Yenmen Pass. Through this pass runs an important strategic highway from the northern mountains into the lower country which holds Tai-yuan city. A southern spur of the Great Wall follows the mountain rim; the pass itself is heavily fortified. Meanwhile Nanking, Chinese central capital, was bombed from the air, and planes fought over it in massed combat. Neutral civilians were warned to leave the big city, population 500,000. The U.S. Embassy staff fled.

Japan girded her loins, prepared for a long tussle with unexpectedly pugnacious China, and made efforts to have Italy and Poland join the Japanese-German anti-Moscow red-baiting pact of 1936.

Great ones' kith-kin

ONCE UPON a time, a dictator named Bonaparte made nine of his relatives kings or queens, and lavished jobs and gilded favors on several more. One of them—stepson Eugene Beauharnais—did well; the royalized others were a pack of gabbling liabilities. It was nepotism on the grand scale.

Modern dictatorial equivalents have been very sparing in job handouts to relatives. Mussolini has made a son-in-law, Count Ciano, his foreign minister. The Count was formerly Italian consul in China, Fascist propaganda minister and press agent, and war aviator in Ethiopia. He married Mussolini's handsome daughter, Edda, several years ago. Now young Vito Mussolini visits Hollywood to study our movies with Hal Roach, his partner in a Rome movie company.

Joseph Stalin of Russia leans on a smart, dark, bearded brother-in-law, Kaganovitch, who has functioned in several cabinet posts, and now is a ruthless and energetic commissar for heavy industry. Then, too, the famous Old Bolshevik Leo Kamenev, executed in 1936 by the Stalinites, was brother-in-law to exiled Trotsky-in-Mexico. Lenin's old widow, Krupskaya, a political personality in her own right, still is active in nervous Russia and her tongue is said to be feared even by Stalin—who hesitates to arrest her.

Hitler, from Austria, is by comparison a lone brown wolf. He is unmarried, has few close friends (the executed Captain Ernst Roehm was one), and does little or nothing for what relatives there are on tap. Last week his snappy half-brother, Alois, opened a tearoom and restaurant in downtown Berlin. The café is called "Alois"; the new proprietor says he does not want to exploit his family name. He is of medium height, wears a Fuehrer-like mustache (such mustaches are typically German-Swiss), and greeted his first guests by modestly shouting "Heil Hitler!" Brother Adolf did not attend the opening.

Germans maneuver

FOLLOWING the Nazi party convention in Nuremberg (see September 25 number) come the annual German army maneuvers in backwoods Mecklenburg and Pomerania, northeast along the stormy Baltic shore. Berlin is blackened against "air raids" for a week (like London and Paris in World War days), as the new German navy takes part in the military fiesta. Thus do soldiers, sailors, and 4 million burghers coöperate in totalitarian 1937 war.

Hitler goes up to Mecklenburg to see the biggest show ever: 200,000 men in field-gray, massed between the rivers Oder and Elbe. He stays five days according to schedule. Many foreign celebrities are there, especially from Italy, and including Marshal Badoglio, conqueror of Ethiopia. Also Suhl tanks, Heinkel and Junkers airplanes, monocles, old war dogs, young war horses; and motorcycles.

Motorcycles—a cool million of them—have become a German army specialty. The new Wehrmacht specializes in them. (It knows it will be short of horses; as when in March, 1918, the Teuton cavalry arm was virtually abolished, west front and east.) The British and French have only half a million machines apiece. Each German motorcycle-*cum*-sidecar carries three or four mechanized men; more mobile and versatile than a truck carrying some 8 to 15 men. A motorcycle column travels twice as fast as a column of transport trucks: 20 to 40 miles an hour. With tank coöperation, motorcycles can make frontal attacks, infiltrate, outflank, or strike in rear.

With a mere third of the motorcycles available, Fritsch's entire German regular army plus all of Himmler's blackshirt praetorians (a million men) could be transported faster than the League of Nations speed-limit.

Paradox: an army inclined to prefer its "enemy," Russia, to its "ally," Italy.

South American side light

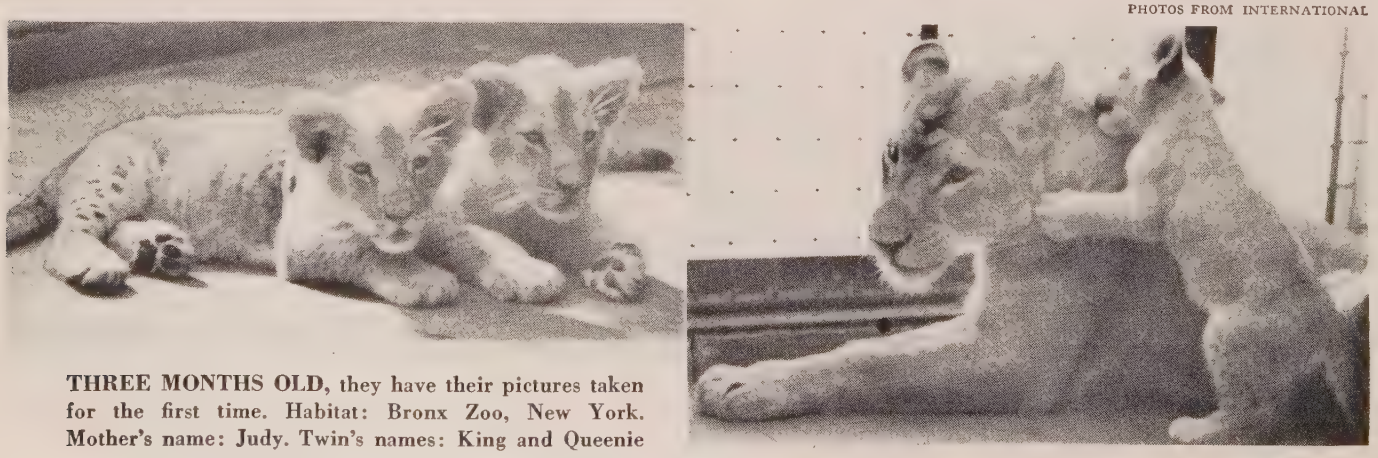
HOTTEST NEWS in Latin America is the Spanish civil war. Spanish-Americans follow it like fans at a bullfight; the rich, by and large, being pro-rebel and the poor, *ipso facto,* cheering for the loyalists. The only comparable North American setup was when colonial New England and Virginia avidly followed the English civil war of 1642-48.

Most Latin-American governments are pro-rebel, with liberalized Mexico and Colombia as notable exceptions. Uruguay is outstandingly for Franco under the semifascist dictatorship of Dr. Gabriel Terra, who has supplanted, in fact, a formerly democratic executive council of nine men. Little, ranching Uruguay used to be most progressive of all Latin-American states, ranking with Holland or Denmark. Her social reforms were studied far and wide. There was nothing "pink" she did not attempt. Her population is 2 million.

Tropical, coffee and gold Colombia, which once owned Panama, is now on the up and up. She is controlled by Mexican-type liberals, and is attempting social, educational, and economic reforms of note. The Big Three down there used to be Argentina-Brazil-Chile, but now 8 million Colombians are taking the place of 4 million economically stricken Chilenos.

Last week Uruguay proposed that American nations recognize *both* sides in

PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL



THREE MONTHS OLD, they have their pictures taken for the first time. Habitat: Bronx Zoo, New York. Mother's name: Judy. Twin's names: King and Queenie

WIDE WORLD

SCHOOL IN CHICAGO for two weeks during the infantile paralysis epidemic was carried on by radio. These are four school principals, resourceful in their use of modern methods

the Spanish war—which would be a boon to rebel Franco. Colombia showed her pro-loyalist sympathies by indignantly refusing this rebel dodge, espoused by Italy and Germany in Europe. Colombia, however, expressed herself as willing to mediate, mediation being extremely unwelcome to the cocky militarists of the Franco side. Meanwhile, debutantes of Latin America can no longer be presented, as of yore, at the Spanish royal court.

Red sea power and Fascist

As Russia defies Italy in the Mediterranean, charging piracy on the part of Italian submarines, she is none too sure of herself. Italy has her entire naval strength concentrated in Mare Nostrum, with numerous island and peninsular bases, while the Russian Black Sea fleet is based on Crimean Sevastopol, far away. Italy has only the Mediterranean area to consider, while the Red navy is divided into Baltic, Black, Caspian, White Sea, and Pacific squadrons.

Russia, furthermore, while strong on land and in the air, is weak on the water. Most Russian ships are World War or pre-War in origin, and many of her best vessels are in the Baltic, facing Germany, or in the Far East, where Japan looms up.

Italy launched two new 35,000-ton battleships last month. She has four other battleships, an aircraft carrier, 25 cruisers, perhaps 450 light craft, and close to 80 submarines. Total tonnage: 530,000. Her torpedo-carrying, 2-man MAS speedboats, fast, light, cheap, and deadly, were the potential terror of the British during the Ethiopian War.

The five-times divided Red navy operates four 1911 battleships, seven cruisers, 35 destroyers, between 30 and 60 submarines, 60 gunboats, etc. Total tonnage: 200,000. The British navy totals 1,500,000 tons and the French, 800,000 tons. American tonnage approaches the British, with 1,400,000; Japan, in third place, has 900,000; while Germany has 300,000.

Italy has specialized in novel sea equipment of various sorts, while Russia is orthodox. Italian sailors, too, are far handier than those of the landlubberly Soviet Union.

Died

Henry R. M. Landis, M. D., 65, pioneer in the study of silicosis, director of Henry Phipps Institute (Philadelphia), professor of clinical medicine at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine; charter member of the National Tuberculosis Association.

James William Fosdick, 69, New York, world-famed mural painter, founder of the art of fire etching in this country.

Benjamin L. Belt, 70, president of P. Lorillard Company, makers of Old Gold cigarettes.

Richmond P. Davis, 71, Major General, U. S. A., retired, authority on submarine defense and coast artillery; holder of the Distinguished Service Medal for service in the St. Mihiel Drive.

Ion Swinley, 45, British stage, screen, and radio actor and playwright, whose voice won him many Shakespearean roles.

Arthur Richmond Marsh, 75, president of New York Cotton Exchange (1908-1911), former editor of *Economic World;* at 38 left the chair of comparative literature at Harvard to go into business.

Clifford Heatherley, 49, British musical comedy and film actor, called the "Drury Lane fat man" because of his Falstaffian girth.

Stephen Salter, 102, a founder of the famous boat-building firm of Salter Brothers, which constructed shells for the Oxford crews when Oxford had its longest run of victories over Cambridge.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

"We might pass a bill retiring all justices under the age of 60. This would fit the case very nicely, as Mr. Black is 51 and the youngest of the other eight justices, Roberts, is 62."—*New York Times.*

Now that women are allowed to serve on juries in New York, the big question is what kind of hat to wear during an arson trial and what color to tint the nails during Mate-Slays-Mate case.—*H. I. Phillips in New York Sun.*

A school for teaching birds how to fly is in operation at Sussex, England. How such an ideal federal project ever escaped this country will require explanation.—*C. H. T. in Chicago Tribune.*

Five thousand years of civilization, and still the most famous are those who can hit, swat, shinny, kick, or carry a ball.—*Buffalo News.*

Secretary Roper predicts a big upsurge in business. There had better be, what with an election coming on next year.—*Wichita Eagle.*

The arms race takes a new and mysterious tack. Hereafter no European navy will be at war strength without a flotilla of unidentified submarines.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

The annual tall corn controversy rages in the West, with Iowa running well, as ever. However, an Illinois county is using the cobs for railroad ties.—*Senator Soaper in Los Angeles Times.*

Newspaper headline writers are rumored preparing a stiff note of protest to the Grecian government. That country has decided to change the name of the city of Saloniki to Thessalonika.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The poor Japs are still on the defensive, but advancing 20 miles a day.—*Newark (Ohio) Advocate.*

Big air line will order ten 100-passenger planes if guaranteed "legal and legislative stability." The 100 passengers will be concerned for one more kind of that same thing.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Hungry persons drive fast and dangerously, says a doctor. Also those who are no longer thirsty.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Mrs. Sanger has abandoned her visit to China in behalf of birth control. The Japanese got there ahead of her with their system of retroactive depopulation.—*Jack Warwick in Toledo Blade.*

Maybe Mussolini has discovered the err in Mediterranean.—*Dallas News.*

OUR OWN BUSINESS

THERE ARE bad times on the farther shores of the two great oceans between which we are privileged to live under the benevolent supervision of Franklin D. Roosevelt. We are safe and fortunate here at home. Nevertheless, we have been filled with vicarious anxiety about all that is going on in Spain and in the waters of the western Mediterranean. Also, the news from the Far East has spread foreboding throughout this peaceful land of ours, as enormous headlines every day have emphasized the frightfulness of the conflict between Chinese and Japanese at Shanghai and elsewhere in northern Asia. We take to heart the sorrows of the world, thanks to the amazing efficiency of our newspapers and their foreign services.

Anglo-French influences, more or less under cover, have been preparing the American mind for the part we must soon take (as they argue the case) in support of their European position. Meanwhile they are pushing their rearmament programs in desperate haste. These same European powers have been no less hesitant, through their well-tried methods of molding American opinion, in promoting the idea that we Americans must take some kind of initiative against Japanese aggression in China.

The question that has assumed acute form in many susceptible American minds can be simply stated as follows: "What are WE going to do to straighten out the troubled affairs of Europe and Asia?" Perhaps it is unfortunate that our ability to read and write has so far outstripped the native common sense of earlier generations. We have forgotten the advantages of minding our own business. Certainly it is always our business to play the part of good Samaritan; but Red Cross work is not to be confused with political or military intervention.

Nothing but the breakdown of this earlier quality of hard-headed American sense could have led us to sacrifice our young men and to squander our resources in Europe's war which we entered twenty years ago. The propaganda of self-seeking interests had so preyed upon our peculiar mental weaknesses that we fumbled our way into that war through sheer lack of robust leadership at Washington. Our forces of mind and character did not suffice to resist the pressure against our original—and proper—status of neutrality.

IT IS discouraging at this date that Mr. Newton Baker—a man who is so just and wise in most of his sentiments—should have written a book that attempts to justify our calamitous European adventure. It is little more than a lawyer's brief to show that if we really wanted to go to war there were certain incidents that we could set forth as providing an excuse. It was a fearful responsibility that President Wilson took upon himself when, after his reëlection on the plea that he had kept us out of war, he advised Congress to throw the destinies of America into the European maelstrom. If he had said to Congress that both sides had violated our neutrality rights, but that nothing had happened to justify our going to war, Congress and the country would have heard him gladly and supported that sound argument. Surely no man would have acclaimed such forbearance and good sense with more enthusiasm than the peace-loving Newton D. Baker of Ohio.

UNDER our system the particular politician or the eminent personage who becomes President through the strange maneuvering of a party convention has far too much power in his hands over the issues of war and peace. This fact now gives prudent men of steady nerves some cause for concern. Who supposes that, if Champ Clark had won his expected nomination at Baltimore, we could have been dragged into the European war? Certainly Bryan would not have yielded to the propagandist pressure.

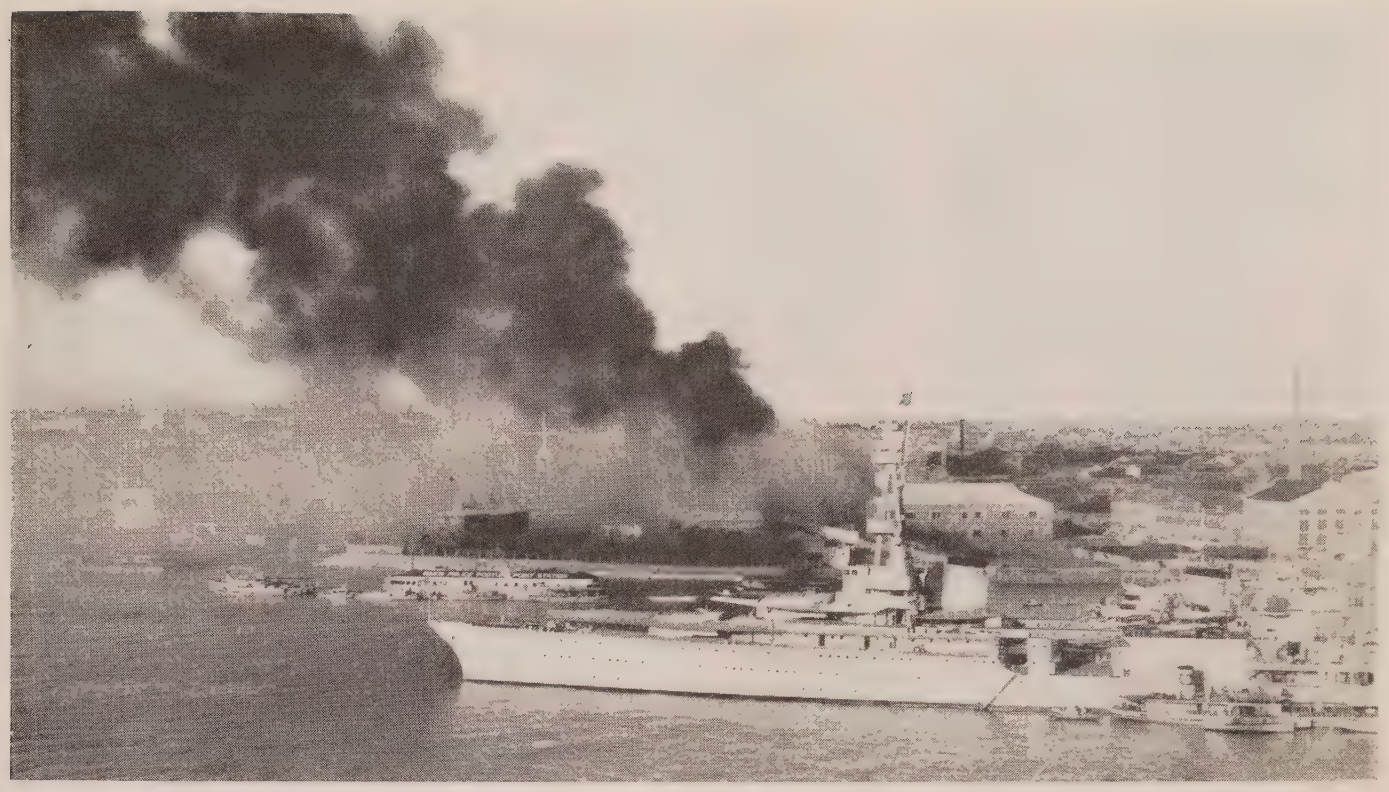
Fortunately, Franklin D. Roosevelt seems to be free from any symptom of panic or of brainstorm when foreign affairs are under consideration. When he looks back upon his experiences as one of the heads of the Navy Department from 1913 to 1921, he realizes (we may not doubt) that, if Uncle Sam had invested money in a great navy in the years from 1913 to 1916, we could never have drifted in helpless fashion into Europe's ruinous struggle. While other nations are making themselves strong for war, Mr. Roosevelt knows that it behooves our government to make itself equally strong in order to sustain confidence in its policies of peace.

On September 5 the President gave warning to Americans in China that they must prepare to leave the country at once, or else remain at their own risk. Our Asiatic fleet had for several weeks been aiding Americans to escape. There yet remained about eight thousand persons, some of whom for private reasons were determined not to withdraw from China. They thought it the duty of the United States, regardless of cost and at the risk of war with Japan, to protect

ACME

AMERICAN REFUGEES from shell-torn Shanghai find temporary shelter on the deck of the *President Jefferson*, en route to Manila

ACME



AMERICAN PROPERTY goes up in smoke, as an oil tank burns on Shanghai's waterfront. In foreground, U.S.S. *Augusta*

them in their status as permanent residents of a foreign country in war-time. The President's position was wholly reasonable, regardless of the protests of certain Shanghai business men. They might stay, but the risk must be their own.

All Americans are agreed in their dislike of military aggression, with the horrors of attack from the air upon non-combatant populations. But we ought not to assume too readily that we can pass intelligent judgment upon underlying issues. Individual Chinese of brilliant attainments have been making strong appeals for American support. It is true, however, that for many years past China has been a geographical and racial, but not a governmental or political, entity. Several years ago it was indignantly proclaimed in this country that Manchuria belonged to China and that Japan's activities in that country were outrageous. The American view was largely theoretical. There was no central government in China that had a fixed capital or that held recognized authority over a territory a hundred miles wide. The so-called Chinese government was exercising no more control over Manchuria than it was over Admiral Byrd's glacial discoveries at the South Pole. Manchuria was a chaos of banditry. The Japanese had large business interests there, and patrolled by right of ownership the principal lines of railway. They undertook to bring order into Manchuria, and succeeded.

We are by no means committed to support the Japanese military movements of occupation in several provinces of northern China. But Americans in general are quite incapable of understanding oriental situations. It may be safely assumed that one-half of the four hundred million people who are called Chinese have not even heard of the Shanghai troubles, about which everyone in the United States reads every morning and again every evening, while many listen also to the staccato radio outgivings of the news-criers.

If these vast populations, speaking almost countless different dialects, who are racially akin and are known as Chinese, should sometime create for themselves a stable central government, it is hardly to be supposed that they would find it necessary to engage in warfare with the people of Japan. It does not stand to reason that the Japanese people desire to squander their resources in long-continued warfare. What they want is food for their workers, raw materials for their factories, and markets for their products.

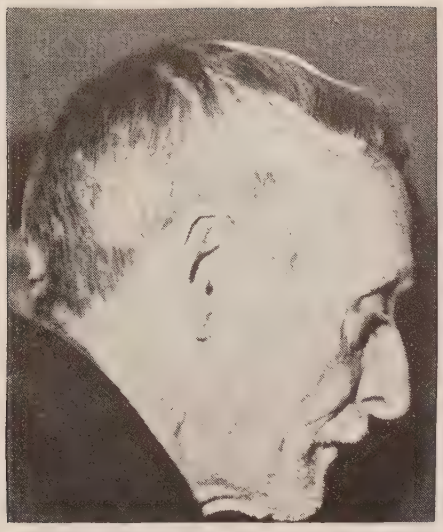
It is not so long a time since England, France and Germany were cutting China up into so-called "spheres of influence" for their own commercial and imperial objects. Perhaps Japan has been too apt a pupil. But her policies of aggression are, after all, confined to her own neighboring Asiatic peoples, whom she thoroughly understands. In contrast to the Japanese, those fiercest of conquerors (as the oriental peoples think of them) who live on a small island in the North Sea west of continental Europe, have seized vast areas in all the continents of the earth, and have subjected several hundred million people to the overlordship of the handful of supermen who make up the British ruling class, and manage the so-called "Empire."

Japan was once our best and most faithful friend among the nations. We lost her confidence and friendship when we began to base our foreign policies on the subtle advice of Europe's diplomats and statesmen, playing their own games of empire. Certainly we should rejoice to see China united and strong, and to find peace prevailing throughout the regions of the Pacific. But we would be even more foolish than usual if we should persistently refuse to treat our Japanese friends with the respect that is their due.

No assumption that we in America have wisdom beyond that of Asia's ancient races can be justified. It is true that we have a religion of giving, and have done our share to feed the hungry and relieve the suffering. But we must allow the peoples of Asia, all the way from the Yellow Sea to the Mediterranean, to deal with their affairs in their own mysterious ways. It is for us to let them feel the friendliness of the American attitude. The good-neighbor policy of Secretary Hull and President Roosevelt deserves approval. We can do nothing better to reassure nations that desire peace than to let them see the American navy—always emblematic of good-will—strong everywhere in the seven seas until such welcome time as the oceans may come under the joint, coöperating control of all the maritime powers.

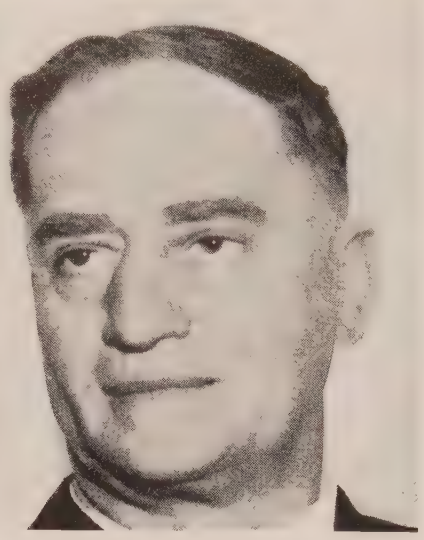
Albert Shaw

PHOTOS FROM ACME



FOR KILLING Grace Budd, Albert H. Fish was electrocuted in N. Y., Jan. 1936

FACING morals charges of Bonnie Wrankle was Raleigh Fremont, Los Angeles



CRIMES AGAINST CHILDREN

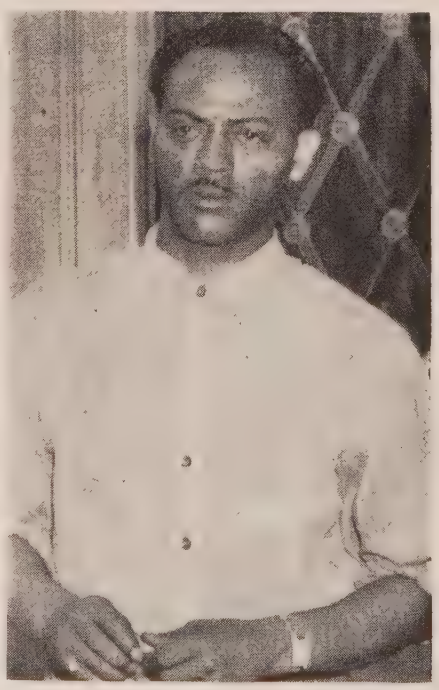
THE discovery of a "sex crime wave" must be numbered among the happier hunches of the newspaper editors during the dog days of 1937. King George's Coronation was over; the World Series far in the future. The New Deal and the Spanish Civil War had become subjects too hot for editorial discussion without danger of riling certain readers and causing a regrettable circulation drop.

The "Sex Fiend," however, ranks with the man-eating shark. An editor may fearlessly attack him, in phrases of colorful abuse, with no danger of receiving a batch of subscription cancellations in the morning's mail.

Last March, a 9-year-old girl, Einer Sporrer, was the murder victim of Salvatore Ossido, a Brooklyn barber. On July 31, 8-year-old Paula Magagna was cruelly murdered in Brooklyn, a crime for which Lawrence Marks is under indictment. Two weeks later, 4-year-old Joan Kuleba was murdered on Staten Island, and an indictment was returned against Simon Elmore, a 57-year-old W.P.A. worker. The crime-wave theory was supported by Marks's remark that he got his "inspiration" from reading about the Ossido case. Although it was proved that Marks, at that date, had been in prison and had received no newspapers covering the case, this bit of evidence was given prominent attention, as it lent a certain support to the crime-wave theory.

The first reaction of some crusading newspapers, when they had established the sex-wave in the public mind, was that the situation might be blamed on the Parole Board and thus turned into one of those "Turn the rascals out" campaigns dear to the press. Since the men accused of murder had police records, it was suggested that laxity on the part of the Parole Board had permitted "recognized sex offenders" to wander the streets, a menace to all who came their way. This led to such indignant accusations as that in one Chicago paper's news columns, that "Parole has become a vested interest in New York."

But that approach was somewhat weakened by the discovery that Ossido had never been on parole, that Marks was freed against the recommendation of the Parole Board by a Court of Appeals writ, and that Elmore's arrests had been for such things as disorderly conduct and intoxication. He had no previous record of sex offenses.



NAMED as assailant of a young girl, William Ray had been a Bronx porter

OTHER suggestions followed. One New York newspaper, under the arresting headline, "Science Lags in Detecting Sex Criminal," discussed the possibility of using the Freudian method of psychoanalysis on sex offenders—a method which, however, seemed impractical, since "the treatment requires that the physician spend an hour or more each day with his patient for a year or a year and a half." Other solutions varied from sterilization to "a frank and open discussion" between parents and children "of sex and its meaning."

District Attorney Geoghan rushed into print with the suggestion of a "separate insane asylum for the treatment of individuals who have been arrested for sex crimes"—a plan complicated by the statement of Joseph J. Canavan, State Parole Commissioner, that "few of the major sex murders appear to have been committed by individuals whose mental status placed them within the limits of . . . legal, committable insanity." Commissioner Canavan suggested, instead, a new kind of institution for such offenders "in the twilight zone of mental abnormality."

On the day when this suggestion was made, the State Department of Mental Hygiene refused to accept a quite legally, committably insane patient because of lack of space.

Mayor LaGuardia, meanwhile, had issued orders that every prisoner with a record of sex offenses be investigated, with the idea of sending him to an asylum at the end of his term in jail. New York police also compiled a list of "known degenerates" at large. After three days, the police announced they had 300 names in Brooklyn alone.

The newspapers, meanwhile, announced,

PHOTOS FROM ACME

SUICIDE of Dr. Armen Greenhut, former U. of Pa. teacher, followed conviction of raping 13-year-old girl

in shocked headlines, that "six men were in the courts yesterday for offenses against little children," and asked readers, "How can you recognize the 'killer type'?" "This slaughter of the innocents," said one paper, firmly, "must be stopped."

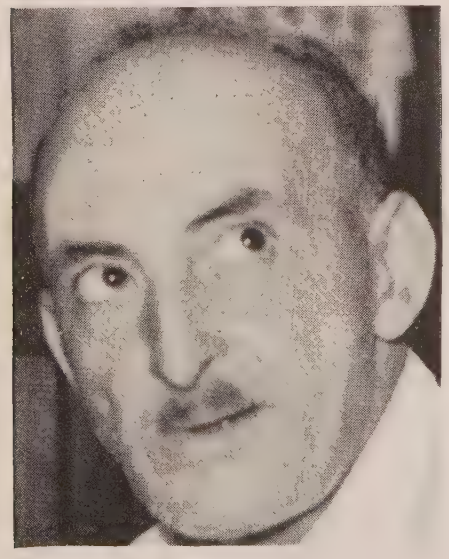
During August criminologists and psychiatrists were leading an unenviable life, their telephones ringing at unlikely hours, their doorsteps cluttered up with bright young reporters eager to ask their opinion of the sex crime wave and what is *your* solution? Dr. Israel Strauss, chairman of the committee on medical jurisprudence of the New York Academy of Medicine, made the disappointing statement that "sexually maladjusted persons are no more and no less criminally active now than they were five or ten years ago."

"There is no real wave of sex crimes at the present time," he added.

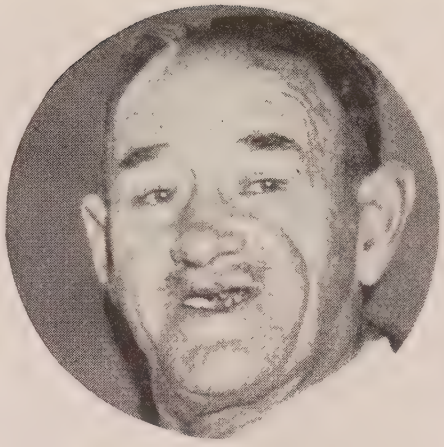
This statement—dashing to the enthusiasm of the headline writers—seems to be borne out by the facts. In New York City a man is arrested for some sex crime on the average of once every six hours—and this situation has been going on for a long, long time. The facility with which the police compiled their list of 300 known sex offenders in Brooklyn suggests that crimes of this sort are nothing new in the summer of 1937. Statistics show that in New York last year there were 657 cases of rape, largely unheralded by the press, and 351 cases of indecent exposure. Public apathy over the situation was marked throughout 1936.

SEX offenses involving children are, indeed, so much a commonplace of big city life that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children keeps a representative constantly in court—and has done so for years. Case histories in the Society's files report hundreds of such cases a year—every year. The sex offender is a new arrival in our midst only to the naïve eyes of those who have never investigated the seamy side of metropolitan life.

WIDE WORLD



PAROLED Lawrence Marks, Brooklyn, was accused of Paula Magagna's murder



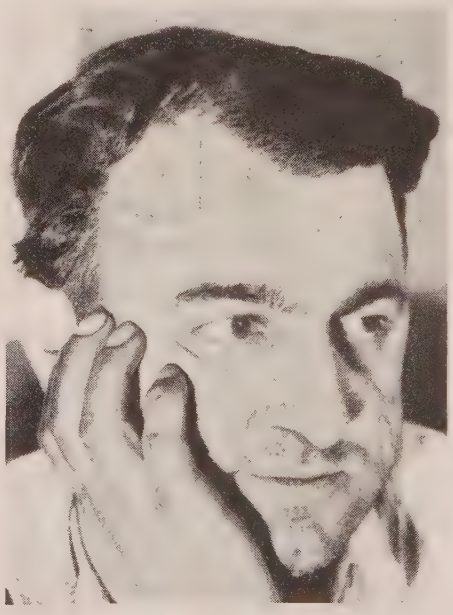
PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL

STRANGLED body of four-year-old Joan Kuleba was found by Simon Elmore in a Staten Island bungalow. Elmore has been indicted for first degree murder

Nationally, the situation is no different. A somewhat excitable report from Washington, dated August 25, announced an increase in cases of rape for the first six months of 1937, as compared with 1936. The story does not say that the number of cases of this sort falls short of the record for 1934 nor that an identical increase is shown in cases of negligent manslaughter, murder, aggravated assault, robbery, burglary, larceny and auto theft; 1937 is simply a bigger year for crime than 1936, but not as big as 1934.

That there should constantly be sexual degenerates roaming the streets of our cities is an alarming thought: no more alarming, however, than the fact that many thousands of paranoids, dementia praecox cases and manic-depressives are also at large. Members of all these groups of the insane are—granted certain conditions—potential criminals. They are free for several reasons: in spite of the enormous sums we spend annually for the care of the insane, accommodations are crowded and state officials are not inclined to go out into the byways to look for maniacs who have not yet committed a serious crime. Moreover, under the New York laws, at least, a person may be committed only on complaint of a member of his family or an inhabitant of the house in which he dwells.

ACME



CLEARING up murder of Antoinette Tiritilli, 5, Andrew Capoldi of Chicago admitted the brutal attack

CONFESSED assailant of a 6-year-old girl and her 3-year-old brother, Philip Krahl was held to grand jury without bail in Philadelphia

THE NORMAL, law-abiding citizen has no idea of the vast size of the potentially criminal population. He does not realize how far from Utopia his city still is. No matter how heavy a burden of taxation he may vote upon himself, all of the annual income of all the citizens would not be sufficient to place in kindly institutions the millions of men and women of subnormal intelligence or to do proper, scientific case-history work on every known criminal. Society cannot possibly afford to support, in institutional idleness, one-tenth of the citizens who may some day run amuck.

The segregation and treatment of the sexual offender is an especially difficult problem. This man may belong to any one of three groups: he may be feebleminded, with no predictable bias toward a sexual offense; he may be a victim of senile dementia, whose conduct had been irreproachable until he reached an advanced age; he may be a truly sexually abnormal type, whose criminality had remained latent and undetected for years.

Under these circumstances it is apparent that the only reasonably certain method of stopping such crimes would involve an elaborate psychiatric treatment of every individual in the country—repeated at annual intervals, to be sure that no new quirk had occurred in the personality in the meantime. Since even

WIDE WORLD

CONFESSED murderer of nine-year-old Einer Sporrer, Salvatore Ossido has received the death sentence. Ossido was arrested an hour after the child's body was discovered in Brooklyn

JAILED in face of mob violence, Albert Dyer has been sentenced to die for assault and murder of 3 girls in Inglewood, California

the wealthy have found psychiatry an expensive luxury, in the class with sables and town-cars, it is obviously impossible to provide this service to a hundred and twenty million citizens. The sexually abnormal, according to Dr. John E. Lind, in charge of the criminal insane at St. Elizabeth's government hospital in Washington, offer "the most hopeless outlook for medical correction" of any class of the insane.

MOREOVER, psychologists from Columbia University have declared that no method is known for determining whether a suspect charged with a minor sex crime will or will not develop into a violent sex criminal.

Moreover, the sexual criminal cannot be segregated. In the words of New York Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine, "Some of them appear to be and are most of the time normal, reasonable citizens, some holding highly responsible positions . . . you would be surprised to know what positions some of them hold."

Commissioner A. H. MacCormick of the Department of Correction in New York mentions another difficulty in the problem of weeding out these criminals. "The number of people convicted of such offenses is comparatively small," he says, "but the number of people who commit them is very large. We have in our institutions (this was in January, 1937) less than forty men known to be homosexuals. Anyone who knows anything about the subject at all knows that there are thousands of homosexuals in New York City.

"Several countries have laws providing sterilization for persistent sex offenders. These are worthy of careful study in this country."

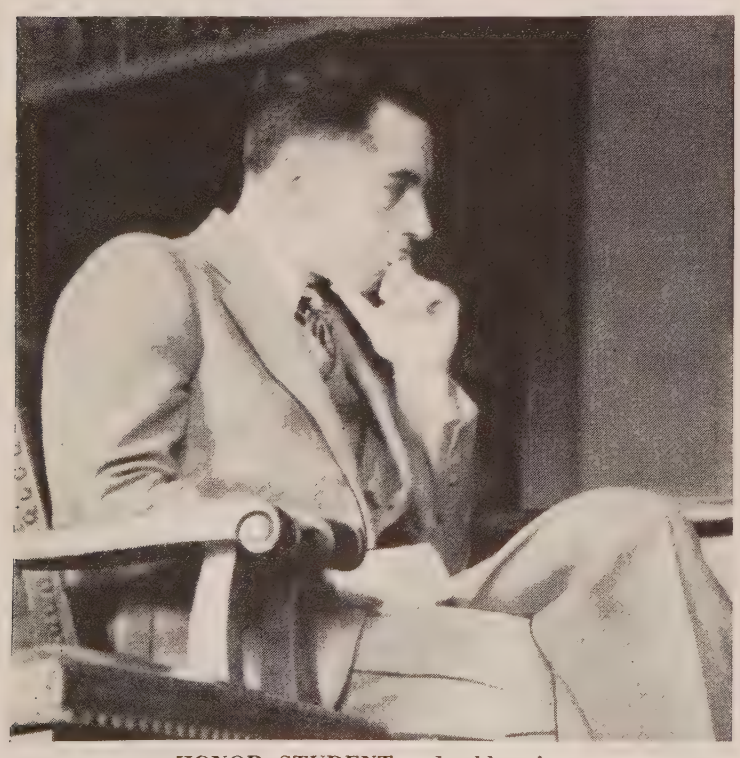
The problem of the sexual offender can only be met, it seems, if half of our citizens turn into plain-clothesmen to apprehend the degenerates and the other half into psychiatrists to cure them, both groups being supported by the state. Until such a method of conducting a civilization by having the members take in each other's moral washing can be made feasible, the sexual offender will remain in our midst, as a continually terrifying problem.

But there are no figures to suggest that he is a commoner phenomenon than he has always been. He is a threat to human happiness whose toll is far less than any one of twenty known diseases, vastly less than that of automobile fatalities. Thousands of persons a year die of tuberculosis or cancer or pneumonia. Dozens may die at the hands of aberrant individuals whose mania takes the form of murder and rape.

The sex offender brings stark tragedy into the homes from which his infrequent victims are drawn. But his importance to the body politic is so trifling that one might almost as well campaign against death-dealing stray shots from rifle ranges as against the handful of "sex fiends" who have turned up in New York this year.—*Gretta Palmer*

THREE PHOTOS FROM ACME

INSANE Howard Magnussen is in the Matteawan Asylum; Grand Jury refused indictment when someone attacked four-year-old Joan Morvan, causing her death



HONOR STUDENT and athlete in a Chicago high school, John Ardelean, got life sentence for raping 9-year-old girl

UNEMPLOYED automobile worker, Joseph Jacobs, Detroit, was sentenced to life imprisonment for murder of 10-year-old Evelyn Mack when a "strange feeling" took possession of him

INTERNATIONAL

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

ROMAN ROADS, laid down 2000 years ago, are still in use. This is how the Appian Way, (350 miles from Rome to Brindisi) was built, according to modern road builders and archaeologists

2000 YEARS OF ROADS

END OF THE TRAIL is in sight for the nondescript network called the American highway system. And "trail" it is, for American roads far too often follow the design of the old Indian trail, curving here and there as personal whim, land boundary, or natural obstruction decreed. Many roads actually follow trails made by the tribes centuries ago. Many others follow winding wagon trails laid out by the pioneers in the West, or by stagecoach operators in the populous East.

Horse-and-buggy speeds were so low that serpentine roads proved to be no handicap. And there was never a thought then of vehicles moving at a mile-a-minute speed over practically the same route.

Therefore only a fraction of 1 per cent of our present-day road system of 3,000,000 miles follows rules laid down by traffic engineers for safe highways. Lack of foresight among early road-builders may be condoned; but the blindness of road-builders of 15 and 20 years ago is inexcusable. Structurally sound highways, indeed, they built; the old stagecoaches also were structurally sound, yet one would not call them adapted to the needs of high-speed transportation, nor to its present great volume.

Last year, 37,800 persons were killed in traffic accidents. According to the traffic engineers' estimate that 98 per cent of all such accidents can be prevented, 37,044 persons thus ought not to have lost their lives. But because these accidents did happen, because drivers failed, or the cars, or the roads, they died.

Those who have studied the results of campaigns to teach drivers how to drive are pessimistic about any improvement in skill or consideration. They also point out that forcing drivers to slow down would decrease accidents but little. Only 9 per cent of traffic accidents are caused by cars going at speeds greater than 50 miles an hour.

Nor do they see any hope for such a decrease in the further improvement of the automobile. Only 5 per cent of accidents are caused by car failure, and that usually because of lack of proper upkeep.

ON ROADS must fall the burden of helping the heedless driver to drive safely. On roads, too, falls the burden of permitting the movement of a large volume of traffic. Germany, looking at traffic from the military angle, is building nearly 5000 miles of road which not only will force the driver to observe the fundamental rules of driving, but also will carry a vast amount of traffic.

These are not Roman roads, like the famous Appian Way, begun in 312 B.C. by Appius Claudius Caecus, and still in constant use. They are modern roads, built for modern traffic. They are known as "limited ways."

Limited ways are built on the principle of avoiding all conflict of one stream of traffic with another. To reach this end, roads are designed with four features: First, a dividing island 10 to 30 feet wide down the center of the road, separating opposing streams of traffic; head-on crashes are thus eliminated. Second, grade separation, by which all traffic from intersecting roads is sent through overpasses or underpasses and through cloverleaf turns where entry to or exit from the main road is desired; crossing collisions are thus ended. Third, access to the limited way, from private driveways or alleys, is forbidden to all, including adjoining property owners. Fourth, traffic is divided into lanes for fast and slow drivers.

The Germans are its foremost users, but the principle of the limited way was worked out by an American, Dr. Miller McClintock, director of Harvard University's Bureau for Street Traffic Research. McClintock, first to hold a Ph.D. in traffic, has made the subject a life study. He has been traffic consultant to New York and Chicago, and is rated as America's traffic Einstein.

Before McClintock began his studies, there was little theory of highway design beyond that of providing a comparatively level strip of ground on which vehicles could proceed from one point to another. That was the theory prevalent also in

1806, when President Jefferson appointed commissioners to lay out the National Pike from Cumberland, Maryland, to Vandalia, Illinois, and eventually to St. Louis. But in 1840 work on the National Pike was stopped, and all efforts were directed toward development of the railroads. Country roads built thereafter were intended only as feeders to railway points. For half a century the country suffered from highway apathy.

Resurgence of road-building was brought about, not by the automobile, but by the bicycle. With the cycle craze that swept the nation in the nineties, the need for good roads became imperative. On muddy roads bicycles are of less use than rubber boots.

Heeding that demand, the federal government made a new start in 1893 with the establishment of the Bureau of Public Roads—on an appropriation of $10,000—a fraction of the present cost of a single mile of paved highway. (Last year it received $16,000,000 with which to inventory American roads.) It began to gather data and to help the states with their efforts at road-building. But efforts were directed—unfortunately with the idea of saving the taxpayer's money, not his life—more toward making roads permanent than toward making them efficient.

By 1904 there were 54,590 automobiles in the country. "Good roads" became, not a means toward efficient transportation, but a goal in itself and a battle cry for all the Podunk boosters. Even the railroads, seeing highways only as freight feeders, were so generous as to offer the bureau the use of a train to stir up "good roads" sentiment.

State highway departments, organized under a boom psychology, began to function. All of them lacked, besides money, any inkling of the speed and the amount of traffic that was ultimately to go over these roads. They were still building for bicycles, for speeds of twenty to thirty miles an hour.

THE NUMBER of automobiles grew out of proportion to extent of road-building. In 1916 the first federal grant to the states for roads was made. Strict supervision of the expenditure of these funds was undertaken, and state highway departments began to work with some degree of efficiency. Roads were laid out as part of an integrated highway system, rather than as connectives between certain points.

The Federal Highway Act of 1921 marked the inception of a highway system planned with some regard for nationwide needs as well as for state and local needs. More than 200,000 miles of state road were then slated to be developed as part of a national system which now covers 325,000 miles. Federal funds granted to states for road-building had to be met with equal contributions from the states, with states assuming maintenance expense.

Under such stimulation, roads were improved, modernized, soft-surfaced, hard-surfaced, laid across swamps, through mountains, along rivers; but they were nearly all of the 30-mile-an-hour, two-lane type. Their curves were short and often sharp, with little or no effort to bank them. They wound in and out in a manner to delight any slow pleasure-driver. They had steep grades and well-concealed intersecting side roads. They became, as the speed of automobiles increased, highly efficient death traps.

They were "good" roads, in the sense of permanency; they were utterly bad in the sense of safety. Wagon trails of concrete are not suitable for racing tons of steel. The traffic toll mounted.

The solution was thought to be wider roads: three-, four-, six-lane. But fast motorists on three-lane highways all tried to hog the middle, with the result that these roads became known as "suicide" highways. Four- and six-lane highways were tried, with no improvement commensurate with their additional cost.

FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS, INC

TRIBOROUGH PARKWAY, in New York City, is this country's latest and best example of safe automobile highway. Within sight of mid-town Manhattan skyscrapers, traffic moves steadily at 40 miles an hour

Traffic experts—and victims—found that multiple-lane highways worked beautifully in producing multiple-car crashes. Where formerly two cars might pile up together, it was discovered that three, four, or even five cars can as easily become tangles of bone and metal.

It was then, and only a short time ago, that Dr. McClintock's theories of the fluidity of traffic began to be put partially into effect. Traffic, like a stream of water, can be controlled, each particle delivered safely to its exit point, if it is sent along the right pipes—limited ways.

Chief argument against greater use of limited ways is their cost. The average two-lane concrete highway can be built for $41,000 a mile. A limited way costs from $75,000 to $100,000 a mile, at a minimum, not including the price of the land required. In metropolitan districts, where underpasses and turns are more frequent, the cost runs considerably higher. Clover-leaf turns, preventing the cutting of one stream of traffic into another, cost as high as $250,000. New Jersey's Pulaski Skyway, running over the top of Jersey City, cost $6,000,000 a mile to build.

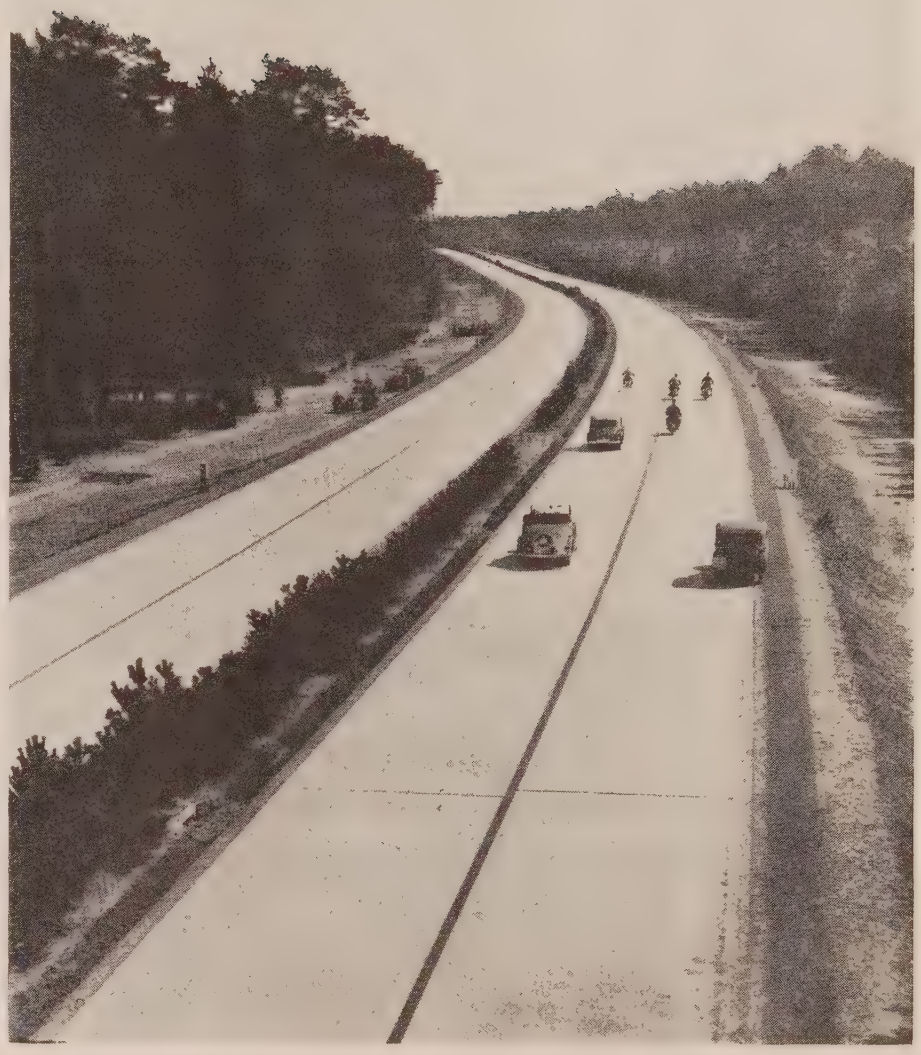
NEW YORK CITY, blessed with WPA funds, has constructed a number of such highways through the city to be used for express traffic. Possessing some, if not all, of the features of the limited way, they have—as on the West Side Express Highway, or Grand Central Parkway—sped traffic tremendously in the short time they have been in use. Less obvious, but more important, is the number of lives they have saved.

WPA has spent some billion dollars in road construction and repair since it began to function. Altogether, federal aid to state highways has come to more than $2,500,000,000—an amount matched by the states. This does not include relief money, which the states were not required to match. Since 1931, all told, the federal government has put two billion dollars into state road systems. The question now is, what percentage of that money has been spent on roads already outmoded? Undoubtedly, little of it went into truly modern highways.

It is not likely that either the near or even the distant future will see any large proportion of our highways turned into limited ways. But, from now on, roads bearing the heaviest traffic should be so constructed as to meet demands for both safety and speed. Our primary system of state highways, 325,000 miles, carries 65 per cent of all traffic.

For those roads not traveled heavily enough to warrant reconstruction, there are certain fundamentals to be observed. Better expressed as highway conditions to be eliminated, are seven hazards: sharp curves with short visibility, three-lane highways, use of express routes in cities by local traffic, four-lane highways lacking a central dividing strip between lanes of opposing traffic, narrow highways with soft shoulders, dangerous highway and railroad grade crossings, unsafe surfaces.

PHOTO COURTESY GERMAN RAILROADS



GERMAN "autobahnen," or motor roads, have no grade crossings. The center lane of shrubbery prevents head-on collisions and headlight glare

Approximately 97 per cent of the surfaced mileage of American roads is still of the design of fifteen years ago—two lanes carrying on their combined 20-foot width two streams of opposing traffic. When one considers that since 1925 the amount of travel (as estimated by gasoline consumption) has increased 175 per cent, one can realize that the roads of yesterday were not built for today.

In the United States are registered more than 27,000,000 motor vehicles and trailers—80 per cent of the automobiles in the world. Roads and automobiles together have taken an investment of $25,000,000,000. And the two have made possible the 35,000 routes of rural free delivery of mail. But that stupendous number of cars, the number of mail trucks constantly moving, the growth of long-distance freight trucking, have not lessened the burden.

And with the increase in gas consumption, there has been, because of the high gasoline taxes levied—an average of 4.85 cents a gallon—a tremendous increase in the amount of money raised ostensibly to build and maintain roads. Yet one-sixth of the billion in motor taxes raised last year—gasoline, registration, and carrier—was diverted to uses not remotely connected with highways. New York spends more than half of her gasoline tax receipts on non-highway ends. At the other end of the extreme is Minnesota, turning all collections to highway projects. Fortunately, where a few years ago the trend was toward increasing use of motor vehicle tax receipts, including gasoline taxes, for any number of state activities, sentiment now is toward allocation of income from motor vehicles to highway use.

Those departments, not heretofore noted for their foresightedness, should by this time realize what traffic pressure is and that the methods of fifteen years ago are not adapted to the present. They also should strictly allocate their funds to the designing and constructing of efficient highways, and not to the mere surfacing of so many miles of road. Why pave the way for death?—*T. D. MacGregor*

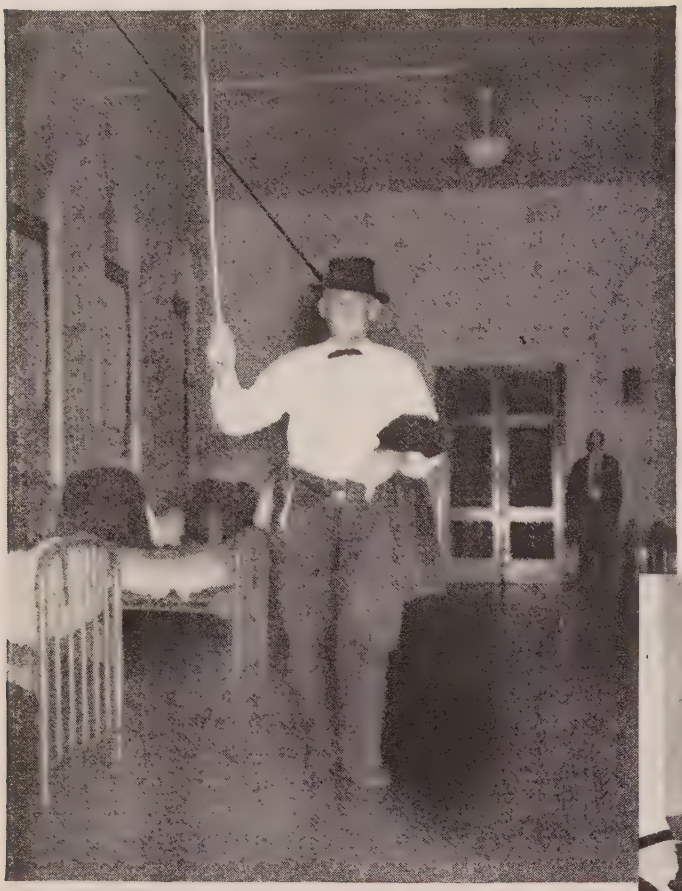
SAILORS' SNUG

ONE of the wealthiest charitable institutions in the country is The Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, New York.

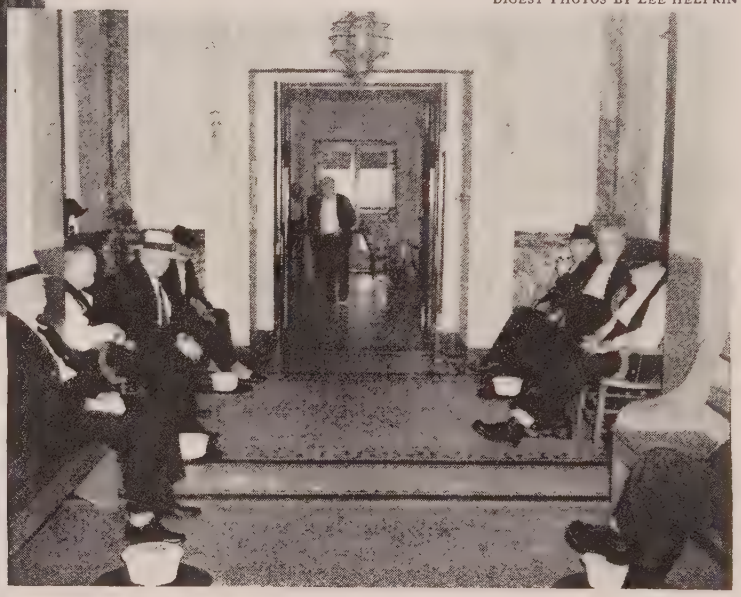
It is doubtful that Robert Richard Randall, for all of his acumen, dreamed on June 1, 1801, when he made his will (with the aid of his friend, the promising young lawyer, Alexander Hamilton) that the property he was bequeathing to found a home for "decrepit or worn-out" sailors would some hundred and thirty-six years later be worth, according to conservative estimates, about $40,000,000, and would bring in an annual income of over $1,000,000. Snug, very snug.

The property thus bequeathed consisted of $10,000 in cash and securities, four lots in New York City, and the comfort-

DIGEST PHOTOS BY LEE HELPRIN

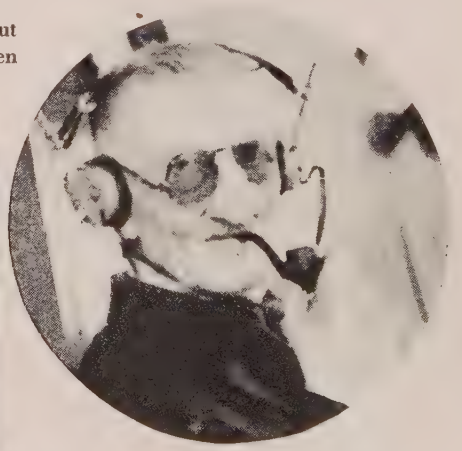


BLIND seamen navigate by means of sticks and wires strung along the ceiling



CAPTAINS ALL, by courtesy, former skippers look down on former stokers, veterans of sailing vessels scorn steamboat men, and all despise landlubbers

STAMPS are free, but only after letters are written



RADIO fans are required to use earphones in order that those who want to concentrate on cards and checkers may do so in quiet. Most of the men take a nap in the afternoon, go to bed early; many prowl into the kitchen to make a cup of coffee in the small hours of the morning

HARBOR

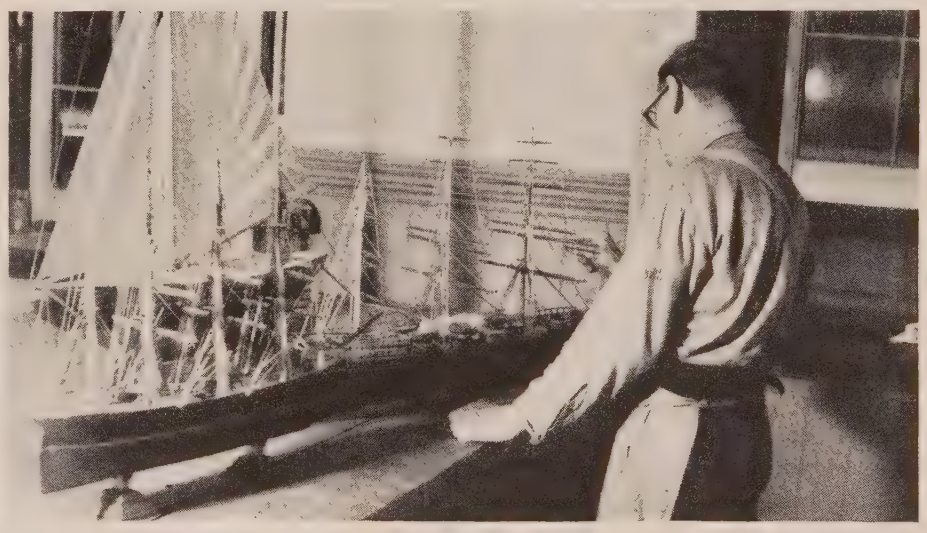
able 20-acre estate, known as Minto Farm, which Capt. Randall had bought for his home eleven years before. This farm, situated in the heart of Manhattan —it is now, roughly speaking, bounded by Fourth and Fifth Avenues, and runs south from 10th Street to Washington Square—soared in value as the city grew.

At New Brighton, Staten Island, a hundred and twenty acres were purchased in 1831 on the banks of the Kill Van Kull, and there, close to New York Harbor, the ancient mariners, (about eight hundred and fifty at a time) sail into the sunset very comfortably indeed. Some sixty acres are handsomely landscaped with spreading lawns and fine shade trees, and there is even a small lake where the Snugs (their local name) sail model boats.

Members in good standing can come and go pretty much as they please, provided they are in bed by ten o'clock; and permission is also given for longer visits to relatives. Frequently the homecomings are marked by severe hangovers, whereupon the victims are tucked into what is called the insane ward in the hospital.

For other entertainment, the old men play checkers and cards, listen to the radio, read the papers and magazines, and see the movies that are shown twice a week. One group takes a macabre pleasure in attending funerals, of which there is no dearth. For two or three times a week a coffin is carried to the near-by cemetery, where about half of the graduates from the Sailors' Snug Harbor, some four thousand of them, lie buried.

ST. PAUL'S Cathedral in miniature graces the handsome grounds, and on the Board of Trustees are the Rector of Trinity Church and the Minister of the First Presbyterian Church of New York



SHIP MODELS of considerable elaboration are whittled out by these ancient mariners to be sold to visitors or to be sailed on the lake

SEA DOG teaches land dog an old trick. Tobacco is consumed at the rate of a pound per man per week

DOMINOES are a tame occupation for men who have weathered typhoons and battled their way around the Horn

PHOTOS FROM THE FILM "THE BIG APPLE" (EDUCATIONAL PICTURES)

THE BIG

1. **LET'S SWING** into that big apple, shouts the caller, and the couples form a circle, swinging a foot toward the center

4. **SHINERS** are single couples doing a solo

3. **GET YOUR GIRL** and take a twirl—reunited partners lock arms and spin around into their original positions

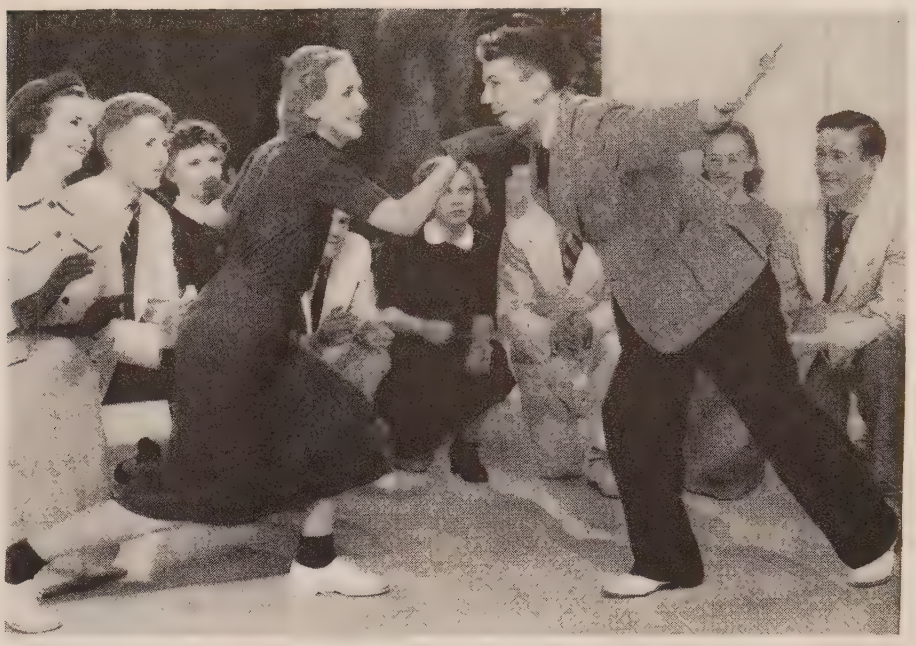
2. **TRUCKIN' ROUND**—dancers at the left have done a trucking step around the circle in opposite directions

APPLE

THE UNIVERSITY of South Carolina (students, not faculty) gets the credit for the dance which, after conquering the South, has swept the entire country. Some students got the idea from the dancing in a Negro night club in Columbia, South Carolina, developed it, named it for the night club, and launched it on its meteoric course.

Anybody can dance The Big Apple—anybody, that is, with the energy of a steam engine, the legs of a Glenn Cunningham, and the wind of an underwater swimming champion. The dance itself combines the best features of a square dance, swing music, and a revival meeting—and those who have done it say there's nothing like it.

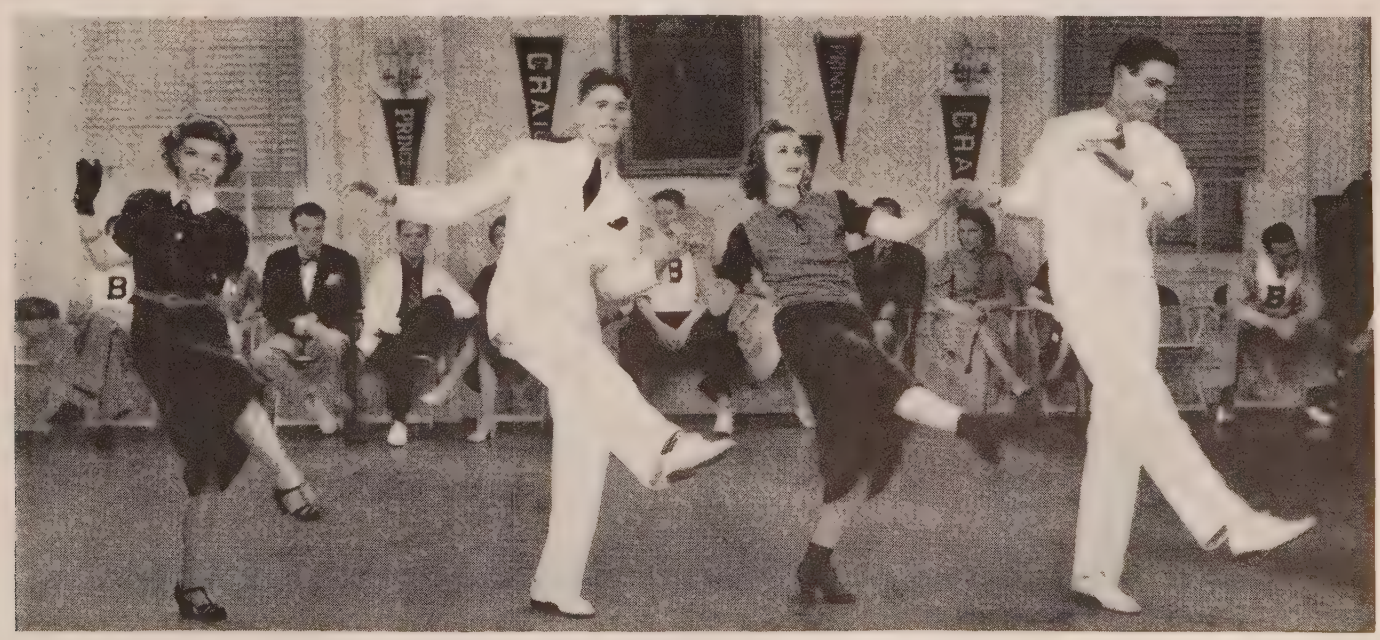
You must know how to truck, Suzy-Q, and shag—and, if you ever mastered the Charleston, that shouldn't be hard: just get any smart high school girl or boy to show you. Any number of couples can engage in the fray, and with a good caller, an elegant, if prostrating, time can be had by all.—*Arthur Murray*



5. SHAG with individual variations is performed by these shiners while the rest of the circle cheers, whistles, and claps

6. PECK AND POSE at the right is a favorite call. Peck at your partner's shoulder, right, then left. The music stops here and you hold it

7. CUT THAT APPLE directs the dancers to go into a double Charleston and pirouette to face out—repeat and face in



A WEEKLY DIGEST *of the best in print*

READING

A King Learns to Swim — **Stephen Bonsal**
From *Heyday in a Vanished World*

Babes in Hollywood — **Robert Joseph**
From *Parents' Magazine*

Mountains of Waste — **William F. Carey**
From *Neighborhood Health*

Grand Juries Are Grand — **J. C. Furnas**
From *The New Republic*

Home for Retired Money — **A Feature**
From *Avondpost*

Growing Taller — **A Feature**
From *Business Week*

Why Fight So Hard? — **Theophilus**
From *Indian State Railways Magazine*

Gold from the Sea — **George W. Gray**
From *The Advancing Front of Science*

Ugliest Lady — **Morrill Cody**
From *This Must Be The Place*

Realm of Death — **Baro Doblhoff Lili**
From *Pesti Naplo*

Washington Scribes' Salaries — **Leo C. Rosten**
From *Journalism Quarterly*

Aviator Brothers — **Michel Model**
From *Paris-Soir*

Mediterranean Jungles — **Vigilis**
From *Izvestia*

Shooting High — **Harry M. Davis**
From *N. Y. Times Magazine*

Bouquets from Britain — **An Editorial**
From *The Observer*

Corrupted Correspondents — **Fred E. Beal**
From *Proletarian Journey*

English Gentlemen — **James Howard Wellard**
From *Understanding the English*

Newspapers • Magazines • Books

A King Learns to Swim

From "Heyday in a Vanished World"

By Stephen Bonsal

RAMBLES in the royal park were pleasant diversions to the humdrum existence in the close and humid atmosphere of Belgrade. The little king, Alexander I, often guided our steps, generally accompanied, not only by one or more of the King's tutors, but by Douglas Dawson, a captain in one of the English Guard regiments, who, at the time, was serving as military attaché to the British legations in the Balkan states. Dawson was as handsome as one of Ouida's guardsmen and, in addition, he was endowed with brains and charm; the little king simply adored him.

One day it chanced that we chatted about our swimming expeditions and our races in the great river below, in which, among others, Pallavicini, who later during the Great War was saddled with the difficult role of Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to Turkey, took part. The little boy admitted that he had never been taught to swim and looked quite wistful when I told him that all boys in America had access to a swimming-hole and that most of them could swim like fish.

Dawson was indignant and announced that this flaw in his education should be remedied immediately. Under the shade of the great trees he found a dark forest pool, and while the tutor in attendance trembled nervously, we were soon stripped and Alexander was splashing about—not a little nervous, too. The tutor bleated out that the regents should be informed, that perhaps they would not approve of the venture; but Dawson insisted that the boy must learn to swim before he mounted the throne of Serbia, and that even the regents must know that a king who could not swim would be under a heavy handicap.

Stripped, Dawson was the perfect figure of an Olympian athlete and his magnificent physique emphasized the strange and far from comely figure which naked and shivering little Alexander cut before our eyes.

But he had a fine spirit and a stout courage and in a couple of weeks he would paddle across the pool dog-fashion. Dawson would start him from one bank with a vigorous shove and I would advance to meet him from the other side and hold him up when he sank. When he had accomplished the crossing, a distance of about thirty feet, the little chap was the happiest boy in the Balkans.

"Now you need not tell the regents that I am being given swimming lessons by these gentlemen, my friends. You can tell them that I know how to swim." And so it was revealed, as I had long suspected, that the harassed tutor had not dared to mention to the regents that the secret lessons were in progress. (W. W. Norton and Co., Inc., $3.50)

Babes in Hollywood

By Robert Joseph

From "Parents' Magazine"

EVERY fifteen minutes one hundred children arrive in Hollywood from all corners of the earth in search of studio employment. Of these, six may succeed in getting as far as an interview. Two may be given screen tests. One may, if he or she is very lucky, get one full day's employment for $10, during the following 365 days. The chance of the child's getting a second day's work is one out of a hundred.

Hollywood not only admits these figures, it takes pains to repeat them to ambitious parents several thousand times a day. The chance of your child's becoming another Shirley Temple or Freddie Bartholomew is about one out of 120,000.

Furthermore, should your offspring pass rigid interview and screen tests, the chance of his earning enough for one week's board during an entire year is about one out of fifteen thousand.

Hollywood has ever been and will undoubtedly continue to be the stamping ground of misguided parents who see dramatic talent in their children at the drop of a hat

One hundred thousand children try to get work in Hollywood annually. Of these, but twelve get more than three days of work for the entire year.

And how much do these children actually earn? Parents think only of the handful of stars whose earnings range from $750 a week to $100,000 for each picture. But what about the few of the 100,000 who get one or two days of work a year—if they're lucky?

A baby, oddly enough, earns more than a player aged eighteen. Up to the age of one month they receive $75 a day. From one month to three they earn $50 a day. From three months to six they earn $25 a day. From the age of six months to eighteen years the studios pay their child actors anything from the minimum set by the laws of California, which is $5 a day, up to as much as $150 a day. But there aren't more than four children in

AROUND THE WORLD

Hollywood, besides the stars mentioned earlier, who earn as much as $150 a day. At that they rarely get more than three or four days of work during a whole year.

But the trek to Hollywood of children and parents will never cease. Long after these words have been read and forgotten, children and their parents, thinking of the few Shirley Temples and Freddie Bartholomews, will continue to pour into the film capital, hoping for success.

Mountains of Waste

From "Neighborhood Health"

By William F. Carey

YEARLY, the collection of ashes, garbage, rubbish, and waste of New York City amounts to nearly 23,000,000 cubic yards.

This would make a tower three times the height of the Empire State building. Transformed into terms of railroad cars, this waste annually would fill a train approximately 3500 miles long.

What disposition is made of this waste? The unburnable material, constituting about one third, is sent to Rikers Island. Slightly more than half of it is incinerated. The remainder is used for land-fill. The articles disposed of run the gamut from hairpins to abandoned automobiles.

Horse and buggy days may be gone; but the Department of Sanitation still disposes of dogs, cats, and horses which have called it a day. More than 300,000 dead animals and 3000 abandoned automobiles are collected annually.

Grand Juries Are Grand

From "The New Republic"

By J. C. Furnas

"LUCKY" LUCIANO was put behind bars for the rest of his life because he was czar of New York's vice racket. The power that put him there, along with 100 other racketeers, was that docile old juridical wheelhorse, the grand jury.

The notable fact is this: the substantial citizens of practically every community in the United States legally have a weapon with which to attack civic corruption in any form as effectively as was done in New York. For the famous Dewey prosecution was initiated not by an elected public official, but by a group of independent citizens—among them eight merchants, three bankers, three insurance men, two manufacturers, a warehouse man, a butcher and an engineer—acting under powers as old as common law and as fundamental as freedom of speech.

The grand jury was an established institution of English law long before the Norman conquest.

Today its use for the routine indictment of criminals is familiar. But its potentially greater function, as an independent body of citizens inquiring into the condition of their government, has been too commonly neglected. As a board of inquiry, it may summon witnesses and public officials, who, because the sessions are secret, may testify fully without fear of reprisal. It may instruct the district attorney to gather evidence; it can call him in and kick him out of its sessions; it can go over his head, and, if his conduct is wholly improper, indict him for malfeasance in office. So long as it is looking for evidence of crime—which takes in an immense territory—it can dig into anything without so much as a by-your-leave from judge, district attorney, Governor or political boss.

In this power to conduct general investigations lies the real dynamite of the modern grand jury.

How does it happen, then, that this potent weapon has not been used more often before? Because ordinary citizens, swept as grand jurors into an unfamiliar world of juridical procedure, are not aware of their powers. Judges and district attorneys frequently take pains to see that they remain uninformed, for nothing can throw a well-greased political machine so completely out of kilter as a grand jury that knows its strength.

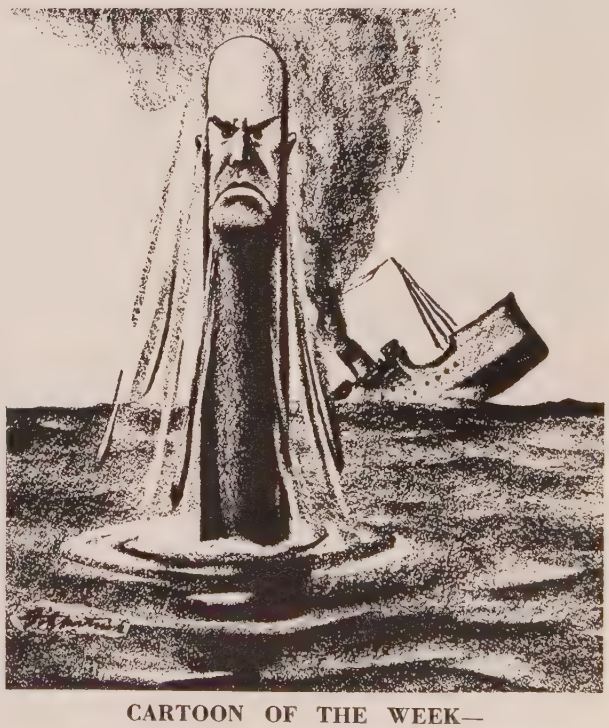
New York's "runaway grand jury" of March, '35, which was directly responsible for the Dewey prosecution, is an object lesson in public service.

Among the matters casually brought to the March grand jury's attention by the district attorney were certain facts bearing on the rackets in New York City. The grand jury was evidently not convinced that the Tammany district attorney had done his utmost to gather evidence against the racketeers.

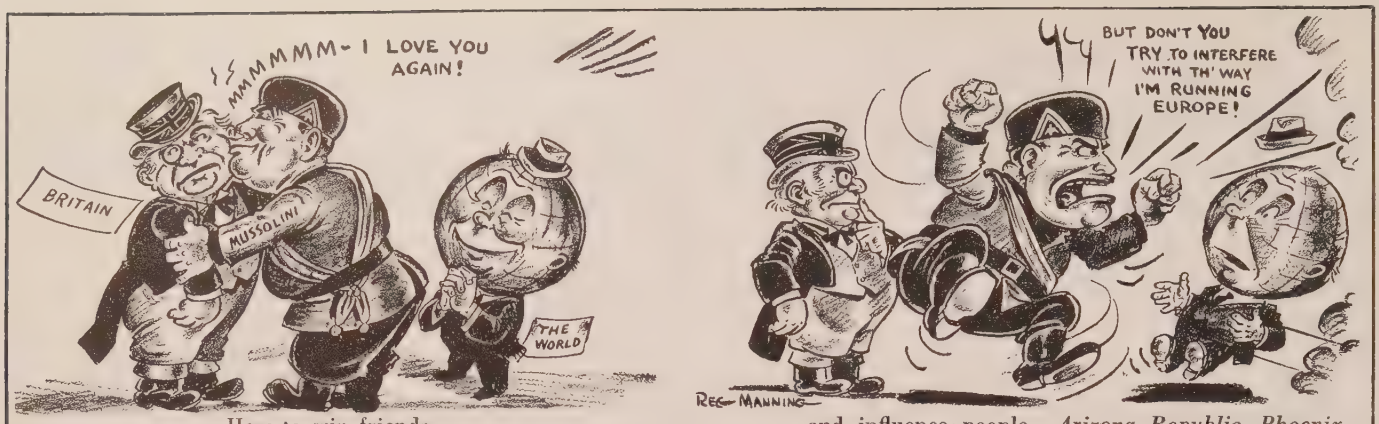
This grand jury knew its rights. It sent a scorching communication to the Governor of the state, demanding a special prosecutor of caliber equal to handling the job. The story filled the papers; the grand jury's accusations shook the state. Jurors' lives were threatened, but they refused to be scared off. And the Governor gave them Thomas E. Dewey.

Its job done, the March grand jury was dissolved, and Dewey's corps of investigators set methodically to work. Their findings went to special grand juries; and a procession of the biggest, richest, most vicious and supposedly invulnerable racketeers in the business of crime started on its way to jail.

With ancient common sense, the common law has handed down to us a check: a body of twenty-three "good and lawful men" with appropriate powers. Out of six years' experience with grand juries



CARTOON OF THE WEEK—
Who, me?—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*



How to win friends— and influence people.—*Arizona Republic, Phoenix*

before he undertook to clean up New York, Thomas E. Dewey says: "I am profoundly convinced that the grand jury, in coöperation with honest and vigorous prosecution, can play a vital part in crushing the structure of organized crime."

There is your pat answer to the citizen who shrugs his shoulders at political rottenness and asks what a decent citizen can do about it, anyway—and then moves heaven and earth to "get out of it" when called for grand jury service. Actually, if he but knew it, the decent citizen can do more than anyone else in the world. Service on a grand jury demands the best any man has to offer. It demands judgment and restraint, as well as zeal, since power, poorly managed, can run amuck of its own momentum. The weapon is there, ready-made, and it is a deadly one. All we have to do is use it.

Home for Retired Money

From "Avondpost", The Hague

THE Bank of England, that world-famous financial institution in Threadneedle Street, London, is not the prosaic enterprise it seems to be. In the archives of the Bank is a "Romantic" department, a small but very interesting exhibition of old bank notes.

It is here that the most curious bank note in the world may be seen, a bank note which decades ago played a deciding role in the destiny of a man. On this £5 note there are written the words: "If this bank note reaches John Dear at Longhill, near Carlisle, he may know his brother to be a prisoner at Algeria." The note, after a few months, did find its way to the person for whom it was intended.

Another bank note on record tells an equally unusual story. In 1815 a Lord Cochrane was sentenced to prison for financial fraud. He was permitted to leave on £1000 bail. The lord, whose innocence was later proved, wrote the following message on this bank note while still in prison: "As my health has suffered much by this long imprisonment, and it seems that my oppressors want to rob me of either my assets or my health, I reconcile myself to this extortion, hoping to live long enough to deliver the real culprit. Cochrane, July 3, 1815."

Another great curiosity in the bank's collection is the oldest bank note in the world, dated October 19, 1699. It is now valued at £555.

Growing Taller

From "Business Week"

GIANTS, as the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company remarks, usually die young. Long ago, somebody compiled a record of the ages at death of several celebrated giants of the past—Robert Hale, 7 feet 6 inches; Bank Clerk of England (his name apparently forgotten, but not his exalted vocation), 7 feet 6; Antonius of Syria, 7 feet 7; Patrick Cotter, 8 feet 4; O'Brien, or maybe his name was Byrne, 8 feet 4; Christopher Munster, 8 feet 6; and Peter Tuchan, 8 feet 7. O'Brien or Byrne died youngest at 22; Munster set the age record, 45. The giants' average age was 34. Giants are known to have glandular defects. They don't live long.

However, giants are rare, and an insurance company needn't lose any sleep over them. But what about the many very tall people on an insurance company's books? The Metropolitan has studied the records of 20,000 of its male policyholders, ranging in height from 6 feet 2 to 7 feet 1. It finds that they had a practically normal mortality. They died at about the same ages, and of the same causes, as shorter men; the young underweights and older overweights had the highest death rates. Incidentally, these very tall men had comparatively less variability in their weight than shorter men; the weights of those above 6 feet 4 increased very little with height; and they gained hardly any weight after 35, the age when most men still have 15 years of steady fattening ahead of them.

These tall men, then, are normal; "they merely represent the upper limit of height distribution." And there'll be more of them—more tall women, too—, for the height of Americans is increasing. Nowadays it isn't uncommon to see some fine six-foot girl swinging vigorously down the street. No glandular defects; merely the upper limit of height distribution. About 1980 the girls may be hitting around 6 feet 2 or 4; and it'll be a comfort to know they're as healthy as they look.

"Neutrality laws forbid aeroplanes, but if you would like some monuments to the dead . . ."—*Oeuvre, Paris*

Why Fight So Hard?

By Theophilus

From "Indian State Railways Magazine"

UNTIL recently, all well-conducted wars were run with a proper regard for personal comfort. The Chinese went to battle with umbrellas if the weather looked threatening. Hannibal went into winter quarters, and Napoleon hibernated whenever he could. Even as recently as the siege of Peking, the Empress of China strictly forbade the discharge of guns (on pain of execution) if she happened to have a headache. Also, it was a pleasant whim of hers, for which I think she deserves some credit, to send a basket of vegetables daily to the army she was besieging.

With these basic facts before us, there is evidently good precedent for breaking off a battle for lunch; and I am happily in a position to assure you that it is done even in these unromantic and

materialistic days. In fact, they knock off for all meals in Meng Mao, which is a small collection of states on the eastern frontier of India.

I don't wish to give the impression that warfare in Meng Mao is not a serious business. The truth is quite otherwise. When they do fight, it is with the utmost ferocity till someone is hurt; but war, as Mussolini will tell you, cultivates chivalry and all the virtues. In Meng Mao, they would never dream of refusing the enemy a passage through the lines if he were tired and wanted to go home to his wife and little ones. That is what I call chivalry (especially as they let the enemy go back to his position the next day).

Gold from the Sea

From "The Advancing Front of Science"

By George W. Gray

THE floating laboratory was an old ship equipped with the necessary apparatus, manned with a staff of chemical engineers, and sent to prospect the ocean. For months at a time it was out there, pumping water through an ingenious chemical sieve, picking off certain preferred molecules from each gallon, and pouring the residue back into the ocean. At the end of their prospecting, the sea miners had extracted a few hundred pounds of bromine at a cost of $500,000.

Bromine is indispensable to the manufacture and use of no-knock gasoline, and because of the mounting demand of motorists for the improved fuel, it was necessary to look for new sources of supply. The old brine wells were failing, new ones were not being discovered, and in this dilemma the industrialists turned to the universal treasure trove, the sea, which contains all things in solution. Analysis shows that about seven-millionths of each drop of sea water is bromine. But was chemistry able to extract so minute a fraction at a reasonable cost?

The floating laboratory and its prolonged experiment answered that question. Today, a commercial plant for extracting bromine from the Atlantic Ocean is in operation on the North Carolina coast. It is turning out thousands of pounds a day. And since each cubic mile of sea water contains some 600,000 tons of the element, there is no danger of the factories ever being short of raw material.

This success suggests another question. Since the sea contains all things in solution, why not mine other substances, too? Is there any gold in the sea?

Yes, and this North Carolina bromine plant has already extracted minute quantities of it and other precious metals. At a recent meeting of the American Chemical Society, one of the engineers contributed particles of pure gold and pure silver which had been taken from the flood of Atlantic water sluicing through the bromine extractors. The sea gold is dilute. A gallon of Atlantic water contains only one thirty-thousandth as much gold as it contains bromine. It had to be captured by delicate processes which cost ten times the present market value of the gold. But the point is that the thing has been done. Indeed, the chemist who attained this sea gold predicts that within our century we shall be mining the ocean for it on a commercial scale. (Whittlesey House, $3.00)

Preview of the next big war.
—Richmond Times-Dispatch

Ugliest Lady

From "This Must Be The Place"

By Morrill Cody

I REMEMBER particularly a story about Oscar Wilde and a famous French poetess whose name I have forgotten. Frank Harris and Wilde were crossing the Pont Neuf one afternoon when they saw the poetess coming toward them. Harris was a bit embarrassed at presenting Wilde, for the poetess had the reputation of being the ugliest woman in Paris, and Wilde did not appreciate ugliness.

However, there was no avoiding it.

"I have heard of you," she said, when Wilde was presented.

"And I of you, Madame," he replied.

"I have no doubt," she said bitterly, "I am known for my face—the ugliest in Paris." Wilde made a gallant gesture and a bow.

"In the world, Madame!" he replied. (Lee Furman, Inc. $2.00)

Realm of Death

From "Pesti Naplo," Budapest

By Baro Doblhoff Lili

LORD of Life and Death."

Nowhere else in the world is this ending of ancient prayers so true, so near reality, as in this farthest western part of the continent—in Britanny. Here one really learns the meaning of the three simple everyday words: life, death, and God. Death is present in the everyday *life* of these people, and between these two elements the Lord is present, decreeing life or death. Suffering and death belong to the life of these people just as much as sunrise and sunset.

The Breton peninsula is a peculiar world—many of its population still believe that their country is "the end of the earth." It was called that long ago, because at the end of the earth they could see nothing but the endless sky and the endless sea. Therefore, they thought that here was the end of the material earth.

Scholars are still arguing where to classify the Bretons. Celts inhabited this peninsula and later in the fifth century came the English. From this British-Celtic mixture come the Bretons of today. It is said that they are related to the Irish; both people have the same stern quietness, the same deep, poetic nature. To this day they speak a peculiar tongue which is made more difficult by their deep, singsong gutturals.

On the streets, one sees almost exclusively old people, but among these "old" people there are many young ones. Even in their youth, the salt sea air and the stern climate roughen their skin, and life, even harder, is more difficult than the climate. It plows deep furrows in their faces.

At every crossroads stands a roughly carved cross of granite as a signpost and a reminder. In Brittany, you can't talk about death as some special occasion, but only as one of the natural occurrences of life. The graveyard surrounds the church, which is frequented by the population daily. The church seems to grow out of the graveyard. Beside every church one finds the charnel house, that small chapel-like building into which every few years the bones from the overcrowded cemetery are placed.

Through the wringer.
—The Oregonian

Changing bedfellows.
—New Haven Register

One often finds on the graves the inscription, "Ici repose le corps." They stress in their epitaphs only what they know for certain, that the body rests here. Who knows whither the soul has flown and whether it has found peace after the hard, earthly life?

While other peoples were occupied with tilling the soil, the chief occupation of the Bretons has been the planning and creating of cemeteries. The great rocks on the seashore served as the graves of heroes in olden times and it was a special honor to be buried at the foot of one of the grotesque rocks such as "The Witch" or "The Goat."

The topsy-turvy mixture of the fear of the Lord, of touching faith, of superstition, of arrogant pride, with silent stoicism and poetic imagination, gives the air of Britanny some special different character. This atmosphere grips one and doesn't ever let go.

Washington Scribes' Salaries

From "Journalism Quarterly"

By Leo C. Rosten

WHAT is the salary of a Washington correspondent? The report of the Treasury Department on salaries of more than $15,000 in 1934 mentioned figures running as high as $22,000 for Arthur Sears Henning of the Chicago *Tribune*, or $18,000 for Arthur Krock of the New York *Times*. These are, obviously, salaries considerably larger than those of the majority of the press corps, and they are paid to chiefs of Washington bureaus functioning in a semi executive capacity, journalists of high standing and prestige.

Eighty-seven Washington correspondents were generous enough to supply this writer with salary information. Because these returns were anonymous, the salaries of special correspondents, press association reporters, columnists, and syndicated writers cannot be treated separately to point out group differences.

The average salary for the eighty-seven correspondents is $5,987.56 a year. Like all averages, this tends to obscure the extremes. The median salary is $5400. One fifth, 21.8 per cent of the group, receive less than $3500 a year. In the salary range less than $5000, the percentage is 36.7; 41.3 make between $5000 and $7000 a year. Twenty-one and eight-tenths per cent earn $7500 or more a year.

In the fall of 1934, the average weekly salary for the editorial employees of thirty-one representative newspapers (including those in executive positions) was only $41.81 (about $2184 a year). Of these, 17.7 per cent earned from $20 to $30 a week; 19.6 per cent earned between $30 and $40 a week; only 28 per cent had salaries as high as $50 a week ($2600 a year) Only 11.4 per cent of the Washington correspondents received $2600 or less.

Aviator Brothers

From "Paris Soir"

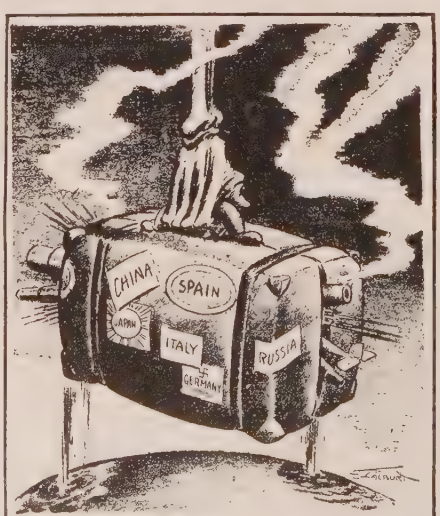
By Michel Model

A WREATH hangs over a modest grave in the cemetery of the Polish town of Grudzets. The inscription on its ribbon is still visible.

"To my brother Joseph Levanevsky, hero of Polish aviation, from Sigismund, a Soviet pilot."

Joseph Levanevsky crashed to death on September 12, 1933, while attempting to break the world long-distance record by flying from Warsaw to Tokyo.

The flyer's mother moved with three of her children, including Joseph, from Russia to Poland during the Russian civil war. Her youngest son, Sigismund, remained in Soviet Russia. For fifteen years Sigismund had no news of his family and they had no news of him.



World cruise?—*New York World-Telegram*

In September, 1933, he saw in the papers that a Polish flier, Joseph Levanevsky, had started on a flight from Warsaw to Tokyo.

"Can it be my brother?" thought Sigismund, and decided he would get in touch with him on his return.

That meeting did not take place. Joseph Levanevsky's machine caught fire and crashed near Kazan. Sigismund hurried there and recognized his brother in the scorched body taken out of the plane.

Separated by a frontier, with no news of each other, both brothers had chosen the same vocation and had become famous airmen in their respective countries, Joseph in Poland and Sigismund in Soviet Russia.

After his brother's death Sigismund learned that all his relatives were living in Poland and traveled to Warsaw to meet them. His mother, recently stricken with grief at the death of one son, had an unexpected joy—the sight of her youngest son, whom she had long ago given up for lost. The whole family visited the cemetery where Joseph was buried, and Sigismund laid a wreath on the grave of his brother.

This was three years ago. It is easy to imagine what the mother feels now that Sigismund is lost in the wastes of the Arctic, where his plane disappeared during his recent attempt to fly to America from Moscow.

"I do not give up hope," she said. "It was a miracle when we saw Sigismund the first time and I'm sure he will be back again. The telegrams and radio messages are very encouraging. Otherwise, I shall not survive the loss of my two sons."

Mediterranean Jungles

From "Izvestia"

By Vigilis

THE situation in the Mediterranean Sea, where the Italian Navy is sinking merchant vessels all the way from Valencia to the Dardanelles, is not anything unexpected. For over a year the British have been following a policy of non-intervention in Spanish affairs which, in practice, consists in allowing the Fascist invaders complete freedom to hold sway over Spain and to destroy its cities and villages.

This course was explained by the necessity of "localizing the conflict within the confines of Spain herself." But, from the very beginning, many voices were raised in warning against this policy, contending that it could have only the opposite effect.

Recent events have confirmed this estimate. Piratical attacks have been carried out thousands of miles from the Spanish shores. The victims of these attacks are now not only Spanish ships, but those of neutral countries, including Britain herself. "The Mistress of the Seas" sees herself virtually deprived of

freedom of transit on one of her basic imperial routes.

This is the more significant, since the attacks of Italian warships on British vessels have coincided with rumors of an Italo-British *rapprochement*.

The attempts of Rome to hide the bare facts of Fascist aggression under a cover of diplomatic civilities were half-hearted. It is true that the Italians stopped their flow of abuse directed against the British. But neither in deeds, nor even in words, did they renounce their intention of making the Mediterranean Sea an Italian lake. The outrages of Fascist pirates who have turned this important artery of civilization into jungles where none is safe from sudden assault, clearly indicate what those intentions represent.

The war against the Spanish people could not be localized because it had been planned in Rome as the first stage in "Italianizing" the Mediterranean.

Shooting High

From "New York Times Magazine"

By Harry M. Davis

Out on the edge of the New Mexico desert, fifteen miles from the nearest town, stands a lone, tapering framework tower. From it, with a loud, steady roar and a continuous belch of white-hot flame, rises a long, streamlined metal rocket. Leaving a trail of smoke in its swift vertical wake, it goes up until it is lost to sight, and then floats back to earth under a parachute.

The man responsible for thus disturbing the quiet of one of America's most isolated spots is Robert H. Goddard, Professor of Physics in Clark University. The wide open spaces are his laboratory, and the experiments he conducts there are attracting world-wide attention. Many see in the Goddard rockets the rudiments of a new type of flying machine capable of traveling long distances across the ocean at speeds beyond the uttermost range of the airplane.

As a sober scientist backed by other sober scientists, he prefers to emphasize a more modest and more immediate objective. This is to carry far aloft—beyond the ultimate reach of airplanes and stratosphere balloons—not passengers, but scientific instruments that will measure the temperature, pressure, composition, and electrical state of the outermost reaches of the air.

"First of all, if these English had stayed home, the 'accident' to their ambassador would not have happened."
—*Le Canard Enchaîné, Paris*

The wingless vehicles set in flight over the New Mexico desert by Professor Goddard already have carried delicate scientific instruments aloft and, what is very important, have returned them undamaged to the ground. They have gone as high as a mile and a half and, in doing so, have demonstrated vertical climbing speeds of as much as 300 miles an hour, far beyond the climbing speed of the best airplanes. In horizontal flight they have whizzed at nearly 700 miles an hour, far beyond the maximum airplane speed. They have enough lifting power, Dr. Goddard asserts, to carry human beings aloft without greater risk than the Wright brothers faced in the first airplane flight—but as yet they have not carried human loads.

Tests have indicated that the airplane, because it must plow through air, is not likely ever to go faster than a mere 700 miles an hour, the speed of sound. But a rocket, they argue, could shoot up at a steep angle to an altitude of perhaps a hundred miles, where the air is inconceivably thin, and then level out, reaching a maximum speed of some 3000 miles an hour, a speed limited only by the acceleration the passengers could stand.

Bouquets from Britain

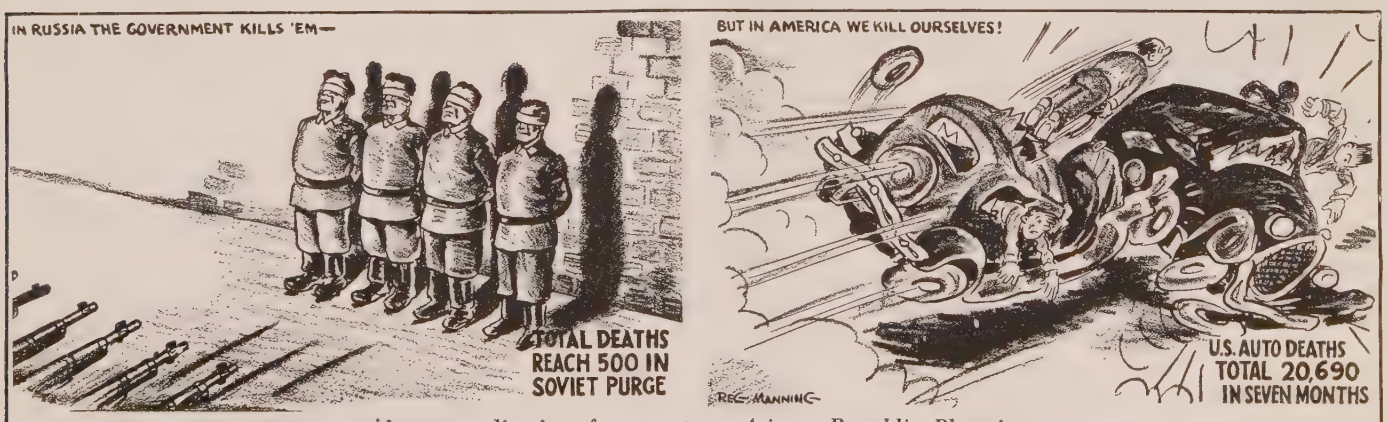
From "The Observer," London

There has been some talk recently about the Englishman's ignorance of American literature. It is very ill-informed. While, twenty years ago, it would have been true to say that European writers—and particularly English writers—were overvalued in the United States, and that American writers were unknown here, the position is now reversed. The Americans who had passed from Europe to the New World naturally retained their fondness for European ways, and they read English books with nostalgic pleasure. But they have given place to a younger generation with an idiom of its own, which demands the representation in literature of its local and national life.

To such a generation, English authors, who live, it must be confessed, in a more equable climate than that of the United States, seem tame and long-winded. And the livelier young English, already responsive to American films, have quickly recognized that American authors of today have a "pep" denied to nearly all their compatriots. American literature, so far from being, as the talkers have said, a Cinderella, is on top of the world.

Whether it is as good as it seems, time will show. But there can be no doubt that English publishers believe in it. I should say that one in five—the proportion may be higher—of all the interesting new novels produced here in 1937 may be of American origin. And the only obstacle to the wide success of such novels lies in their own parochialism of theme and language.

In England we can understand and tremendously admire the energy of Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, John Dos Passos, and a dozen more, from Edna Ferber and Fannie Hurst to that wise-cracking meteor, William Saroyan; but we are less interested in small-town politics and morals. In this respect we are no better and no worse


IN RUSSIA THE GOVERNMENT KILLS 'EM—
TOTAL DEATHS REACH 500 IN SOVIET PURGE
BUT IN AMERICA WE KILL OURSELVES!
U.S. AUTO DEATHS TOTAL 20,690 IN SEVEN MONTHS
REG MANNING

It's great to live in a free country.—*Arizona Republic, Phoenix*

Lawsuits Always Cost You Money and Worry

Know the Law—Protect Your Rights

HAVE YOU EVER felt the need for quick, dependable, authoritative legal advice and information when a lawyer was not readily available, or for knowledge of those fundamental legal principles that insure us protection of life, liberty and property?

Every day some question arises that a business man, whatever his business, must be able to answer. Among hundreds of such are:

What are the duties of seller and buyer in a sale? What happens when a person sells the same goods a second time? What are the rights and duties of partners—their rights in event of dissolution? Is a bankrupt exempt from arrest on civil process? What property is exempt from bankruptcy?

You might require this information for guidance in the writing or the checking of a contract, agreement, deed, mortgage, lease, will (New Deal Reorganization under Section 77B, Petition under the New Deal Debtor Relief Laws), or a hundred other legal forms with which we should all be familiar, or in knowing our rights in an automobile accident, in a false arrest or malicious prosecution, injunctions, or whether a law or ordinance is constitutional.

Suppose, for instance, that in driving an automobile you violate a speed ordinance and injure another person, would such violation be sufficient to prove criminal intent on a charge of assault?

Do you know how a contract of marriage differs from other contracts and what are the duties of a wife, or of a husband, under the law?

Do you know what becomes of your personal property if you do not make a will? By the way, do you also know that the late Chief Justice White of the U. S. Supreme Court made one of the shortest wills ever drawn? It is a model of its kind—only 51 words—but we can all benefit by reading it.

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To say that the use of this volume is confined to the layman or to the general public would be doing it an injustice. True, it is of paramount importance to every man and woman. Yet so authoritative is it that lawyers, bankers, real estate and insurance men, village and town officials, members of legislative bodies or those interested in legislative enactments will find it probably the most frequently referred to legal work in their libraries. In many localities school-teachers are now required by recent statute to instruct their pupils in our Constitutional law and in giving explanations of the laws no work could be more satisfactory than "Common Legal Principles." Law students, and particularly those about to take Bar examinations: Notaries Public, Justices of the Peace, Magistrates—all will find this work of unequaled value.

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than modern Americans, who no longer take much interest in tales of our local affairs, and candidly say so.

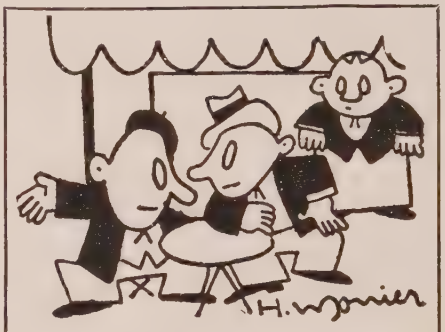
Corrupted Correspondents

From "Proletarian Journey"

By Fred E. Beal

THE few correspondents who know their Russia are careful not to send out reports distasteful to the Stalin dictatorship and censorship, so as not to be expelled from the country and thus lose their jobs. Independent and fearless correspondents, such as William Henry Chamberlin of *The Christian Science Monitor*, Isaac Don Levine of *The Chicago Daily News* and the *New York American*, and Eugene Lyons, of the United Press, were obliged to leave Russia in order to tell the full truth.

The fundamental reason why this truth



"What did I tell you! France is infested with secret agents of Stalin who do nothing but spy upon the secret agents of Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini!"
—*Le Canard Enchaîné, Paris*

from Russia does not reach the world is to be found in the corrupting influence of the autocratic state. All governments have their satellites in the form of semi-official press correspondents who disseminate "inspired" news. In the case of an absolute dictatorship, such as prevails in Russia, the foreign correspondents are even more restricted as fact-finders. They become "rewrite" men. They cannot collect and report news from their own sources of information. They are confined to translating and transmitting items which appear in the rigidly censored Soviet newspapers.

Now, the Soviet press is a government press. Its servility to Stalin is beyond comprehension abroad. It practices an almost inconceivable deception upon the Russian people and indirectly upon the outside world. Its weapons are denunciation and prevarication. It exists for propaganda and not for information. Its aim is to proselyte and not to seek the truth.

In the United States, I used to denounce the capitalist press as a "kept" press. More than once I attacked newspapers controlled by textile interests and other privileged groups as prostitutes of opinion. My experience in Russia taught

Mars plays seven games of chess simultaneously.—*De Groene Amsterdammer*

me that only under a dictatorship is the complete prostitution of the press possible. In a capitalist country, some predatory interests will hire a pack of writers and make them serve the ends of privilege and injustice. But no one is powerful enough to corner all the papers, to acquire all the printing presses, to own all the publications, to employ all the writers, and to outlaw all opposition.

Only an absolute dictatorship can do this. And the Stalin dictatorship has just that kind of press. It is polluted with untruth. The foreign correspondents in Russia, the visiting delegates, students, and tourists, have all been drawing upon that source of pollution to give the outside world a picture of the people's life under the Soviet system. (Hillman-Curl Inc., $2.75)

English Gentlemen

From "Understanding the English"

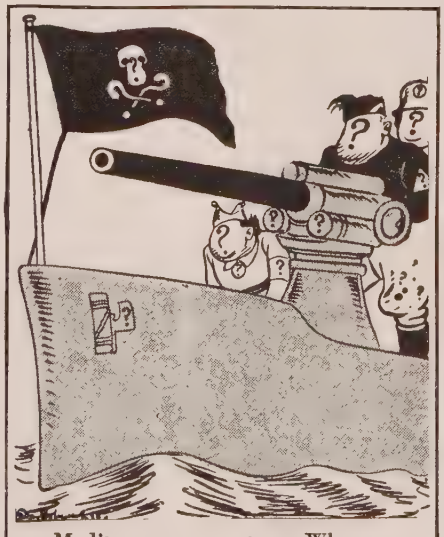
By James Howard Wellard

THOSE foreigners in England, who, after sitting in an outer room for three quarters of an hour, are finally ushered into the third secretary's office at a government department, know the quintessence of the English gentleman. Everything that one has to say is listened to with such exquisite attention that the lies or excuses that one has prepared stick out like howitzers from a church window; and even the truth seems trivial.

The English gentleman is so immaculately dressed that the visitor is in agony because he shaved last night instead of this morning, and because black shoes do look pretty shoddy with a brown suit. The English gentleman is inviolate with his smooth, straw-colored hair, his pale eyes, his long face, his small mustache, and something that looks like a very distinguished old school tie.

His accent is so cultivated, his grammar is so impeccable, that the visitor stumbles blindly about in an agony of "between him and I," "more than us," collective nouns, singular verbs, adverbs with or without -ly, and the rest of it. Meanwhile, the Englishman, if he is a gentleman, will not bat an eyelid, but will be so sympathetically smiling that the visitor will positively know himself to be a country bumpkin. Then, feeling resentful, he may try another tack, making his address aggressive or jocular. Almost imperceptibly, the English gentleman freezes up, his smile grows fainter, and a quizzical line plays round the corner of his lips. In the presence of so much polish, politeness, and *savoir-faire* the visitor will break his ship on the rocks of his own submerged emotions, while the Englishman will sail lightly away unscathed.

For those who have not attempted to board the gentleman under these circumstances, but who wish to recognize him in order to avoid such temerity on their part, the type may be singled out on the London streets by a neat appearance, a clean, angular face, an upright carriage, an expression of polite indifference, and a neatly rolled umbrella. This latter is hooked over the arm when sauntering. And—unmistakable evidence of a gentleman—you will feel vulgar and uncouth the moment you speak to him. (Whittlesey House, $2.25)



Mediterranean mystery: Who are the pirates?—*Izvestia, Moscow*

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SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

Our agricultural G-men

MISTY THEORIZING and financial gyrations of certain agricultural experts sweep like dust storms between the public eye and the lasting achievements of our Department of Agriculture. Behind this pall, quiet, highly meaningful work is proceeding: research that more than makes good any losses sustained in attempts to subsidize the farmer. All can be thankful that experts in such labors try to do things in ways hitherto unknown to Nature. Research is constructing new plant and animal mechanisms with which man can control his future.

Breeding projects are refashioning the cow, the pig, the fowl, the vegetable, the wheat and the corn plant. Crossing man's fertile scientific imagination with Nature's lush yet unscientific capacities is yielding hybrids amazingly productive of wealth and health.

The wilt-resistant Marglobe tomato is developed just in time to save Florida producers from ruin. California growers are finding vital importance in lettuce that resists brown blight and powdery mildew, and in cantaloupes that are immune to powdery mildew. Sweet corn has been given such uniformity and quality as to remake canning practices. Bushes and trees are fruiting more palatably, with improved raspberries, blueberries, navel oranges. Poplar hybrids are exhibiting remarkably speedy growth for paper pulp, of great commercial value.

China, Japan, India, searched by plant detectives, are supplying American cucumber growers with solutions to the problems of heavy losses from bacterial wilt, from mosaic disease, from downy mildew. These new strains are, by inbreeding, forced into more perfect immunity to microbes, and now are being crossed with good American varieties.

India, again, solves a problem of the Imperial Valley, of Ross of the California Agricultural Station, and of Jagger of the Department of Agriculture. The Valley, America's main muskmelon section, was menaced a decade ago by powdery mildew. A commercially valueless Indian variety of melon is mated with valuable American stock: hence Hale Best and Powdery Mildew Resistant Cantaloupe No. 45, and, on the way, resistant strains of honeydew and honeyball.

More than a billion pounds of onions go into American mouths annually—meaning $17,000,000 to growers. And for all the onion's odoriferous potency, it is troubled by many a germ attack: pinkroot, smut, mildew, smudge, neck rot, yellow dwarf; by thrips, and by premature seeding. Now the Nebuka from Nippon is on the scene, with disease-resistant and insect-resistant characteristics that are being bred into the commercial American species.

Having taken the string out of the string bean, our agricultural G-men track down the secrets of the bean's major afflictions, such as rust, a fungous attack. Already beans are released from tribute to Nature's tiniest criminals, and attention is directed toward snappier types.

Yellow, or fusarium wilt, threatened to terminate the cabbage's four millenniums-old history. But this history may well continue additional, unguessable millenniums: the risk of wilt is no longer a pitfall for cabbage's forward march.

Vitamin-rich celery, endive, parsley, as well as lettuce; the lowly beet, father of a just-born sugar industry; the pallid potato—they have their troubles too, but troubles that are being removed at a steady, swift pace. Even popcorn is popping more merrily.

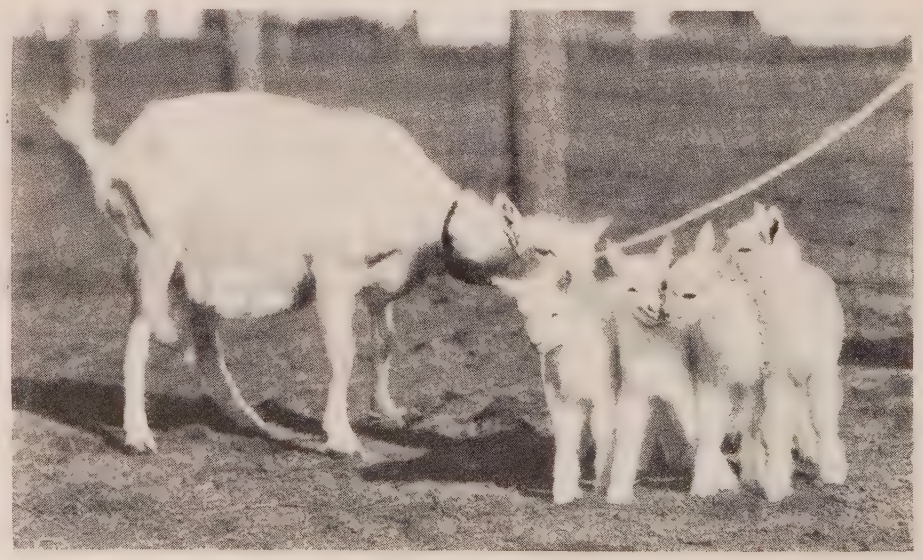
Unfamiliar importations are fascinating. The tartness of the goumi from Asia is tasty in sherbets. The Chinese bush berry, also called Manchu cherry, wins attention by its attractive tang and pleasant range of flavor and texture; promises commercial value. In come, also, formerly unknown apricots from Manchuria and Siberia, probably to widen the range of cultivation of this fruit, grown chiefly on the Pacific coast and susceptible to spring frosts.

Meantime, citrus growers rejoice in higher vitamin C content, higher dessert quality, closer approximation to seedlessness, comelier symmetry, firmer pulp for canning, more attractive juice-color. So the nation's health also ascends.

Milk goats, "pocket editions of the cow," have engaged federal workers since 1909. The length of the lactation period has been increased 135 per cent, and the average annual milk yield, 335 per cent. The Puli dog, Hungarian shepherd, is being crossed with various other breeds to produce higher intelligence and practical psychological aptitudes, of advantage to the farmer and to the geneticist too. Production of higher intellect in animals has a definite bearing on the public's pocket-book.

The turkey and the chicken have not been successfully hybridized. All such attempted hybrids perished before hatching. Yet the Department of Agriculture is still trying. If, however, failure is reported here, other side lines are turning out well. Fur animals are among the farmer's most promising part-time enterprises. In 1936 the total value of silver-fox pelts alone exceeded $8,000,000. The Bureau of Biological Survey, in the Department of Agriculture, is determining the inheritance of degrees of silvering, and the inheritance consequent upon cross-mating red foxes, the standard silver fox, the Alaska silver fox, and the cross fox (hybrid of silver and red). Already there is a chart to forecast the results of any given combination.

Most important results of all agricultural research sponsored at Washington: superior wheat, cotton, corn, cattle, poultry, hogs, sheep. Else there would have been, would be, famine in the land.



FOUR KIDS are uncommon among milk goats. Agricultural scientists seek, not larger litters, but more milk. Already the average doe gives milk twice as long as in 1900, and in four times the quantity

BUSINESS

A glance ahead

FORECASTERS of the fall trend of business have been pulling in their necks in recent weeks. Testing the strength of the business fabric has been like testing the ice for skaters; they fear that the ice may be thin, yet they wonder whether it may not be thicker than it looks.

Most optimistic of the lot is Daniel Roper, Secretary of Commerce, who a fortnight ago reiterated his prediction that business would experience an "important surge forward" within a few weeks, although it was beginning an era of "smaller but safer profits."

At the same time, the latest *Survey of Current Business* of the Department of Commerce reported that national income through August of this year increased between 10 and 15 per cent over last. The gain "indicates a further increase in real income, since the rise in living costs, resulting from higher commodity prices and the improvement of the rental situation, has been less than the increase in aggregate income."

The Bureau of Agricultural Economics, on the other hand, warns that "the present volume of industrial production cannot be continued much longer without a material increase in new buying, and the outlook for the next few months depends largely upon the extent and timing of new business which normally comes in the fall."

In its *Washington Review,* the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S. thinks that we are ready for a climb in business activity because employment, pay rolls, production, and distribution have maintained the gains made earlier in the year.

For the present, the chief depressing influences are a slump in construction, reduced activity in shoe and textile industries, doubts concerning a pickup in retail trade, fears over foreign wars, and an expected drop in steel activity.

Construction contracts during August fell off almost 11 per cent from their July total in 37 states surveyed by F. W. Dodge Corporation, although still 4 per cent higher than a year ago. Explaining the decline, T. S. Holden, Vice-President, stated that "approximately two-thirds of the July-to-August decline in contracts was due to a decrease in publicly financed work. There also was a drop of more than $30,000,000 in unusually large projects.

"Disappointment in the August residential-building total (about which much concern is felt) is not so great as would be indicated by the contract figures. Admittedly, residential contracts fell below the total for the corresponding month of the previous year for the first time during the recovery period; but the August, 1936, record was inflated by public housing amounting to almost $32,000,000. In this year's August record there was less than $1,000,000 of public housing. Consequently, private residential building shows a 6 per cent gain over August of last year."

Shoe production, after a record six months volume that was 19 per cent better than a year ago, fell off in July (latest figures available) to 3 per cent less than in July, 1936. Overproduction by manufacturers and overstocking by dealers contributed to the decline in production.

Likewise, in retail trade (hence textile mill activity), retailers are stocked with an oversupply of merchandise. Although retail sales during the summer were negligible, it is hoped that fall buying will reduce these unwieldly inventories.

In steel, the industry is eating up its backlog of orders while waiting for automobile industry and railroads to make new purchases. Steel must wait until automobile makers use up the supplies on hand. It must wait until the railroads settle freight-rate and wage problems.

Yet the brighter side of the business picture is not to be overlooked. Wage increases have more than kept step with price increases, hence workers' buying power is greater than before. Credit remains cheap and easy to obtain. Farm prospects look so good that many observers are humming to the farmer the theme song, "It All Depends on You."

In the stock market, one hopeful note was the possibility that the SEC might lend an ear to Wall Street's plea to relax its stringent regulations. During one recent market decline an amusing incident was the comment of a banker who figured in the 1929 bankers' pool. To a New York *Times* reporter, he chirped: "This market? It suits me fine, I like it. It's the SEC's baby now, not mine."

Can't work, won't work

WHEN John D. Biggers gets around to his federal census of the unemployed, he will have accumulated many suggestions as to how to go about it. Among them is one put forward by the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S., which cautions him to take stock not only of the unemployed, but of the unemployable as well.

In a survey of 100 people on WPA or direct relief rolls in a city of 100,000-odd population, Crossley, Inc., a research organization hired by the Chamber, finds that only 44 had ever worked before, only 56 had worked in the boom years 1928-29, that 17 were three-score-and-ten or older (hence unemployable).

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R 222
DRUGS
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1. NO LONG HAIR for musician Adolphe Menjou, says daughter Deanna Durbin

2. DEANNA asks Alice Brady to sponsor her symphony of 100 starving musicians

3. SNEAKING by a guard to enlist the great Stokowski as conductor

4. SUCCESS!—Deanna sings *Traviata* while the maestro conducts her men

MOVIE of the WEEK

100 Men and a Girl

LET THERE be singing and shouting in the streets. Out of the murky limbo of tap-dancing, catarrh-voiced, silly songed filmusicals (as they are irritatingly—and no doubt aptly—dubbed) comes at last a knockout musical film. Medicine for weary ears, *100 Men and a Girl* brings to the screen public magnificent music played by a symphony orchestra under the baton of Leopold Stokowski and sung by that new celluloid miracle, Deanna Durbin. As if that were not enough, it weaves an appealing story around its music—the kind of story that makes many women weep shamelessly with joy and some men touch a surreptitious finger to the eye.

We have been waiting a long time for the occasion when Hollywood would send all its Gordon-and-Revels and Whoosit-and-Whatsit teams on vacation while it favored us with a bit of Wagner, Verdi, Mozart and Liszt. Yet the celluloid city has always trembled for fear a good melody would put its public to sleep. No need to worry any more.

The Rubicon is crossed, thanks to Universal, the studio which first dares feed us our classics straight.

Not only does *100 Men and a Girl* break the ice for future ventures in good musical entertainment. That alone would be cheering news, but it also stands quite solidly on its own feet, an exuberant and touching comedy decidedly on the must list.

It concerns a heroine's efforts to get a famous conductor for her orchestra of one hundred unemployed musicians, among whom are her father (Adolphe Menjou) as first trombonist and Mischa Auer as a flutist. Alice Brady, the hilariously scatterbrain wife of a big-shot manufacturer, promises to put the band on her husband's radio program. When the husband (Eugene Pallette) discovers this, his fury knows no bounds. He finally unloads the starving musicians by saying he won't take them unless they have a big-name conductor.

News of this sort spells defeat to normal folk, but Deanna Durbin is made of other stuff.

With a faith and love and determination that will tweak your heart to bits (I know it's hokum, but never mind) the fourteen-year-old girl gets Stokowski.

It is a yarn that allows yards of leeway for comedy, pathos, suspense—and music. The big orchestral selections include Wagner's Third Act Prelude to *Lohengrin,* Liszt's *Second Hungarian Rhapsody,* Mozart's *Alleluja* and the aria "Libiamo ne" (Drinking Song) from *Traviata.* Miss Durbin sings the last two as well as some lighter numbers.

She is amazing. There has never been anything like her on the screen. She gave the public a pretty severe start in *Three Smart Girls.* Much improved both in voice and acting in this second film, she is now little short of miraculous. Her soprano is that of a mature woman. She is fourteen without a trace of adolescent gawkiness and with natural loveable charm that I have never seen equaled in another child actor.

We expect rousing comedy and good performances from Miss Brady, Menjou, Pallette, and Mischa Auer. They supply all and more than is anticipated, particularly the elegant Menjou, who is an admirable surprise as an unemployed musician father.

It is Stokowski, however, who runs Miss Durbin a close second in striking an unexpected note. This eminent conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony plays himself, but he does far more than wave his hands in front of a gang of musicians. He is an integral part of the story. His acting—if you call a man being himself acting—is something new out of Hollywood. It is the first time I ever saw anyone on the screen behaving exactly as he did the last time I talked to him. Stokowski, like the young Deanna, gives to his role a satisfying air of realism.—*Donita Ferguson*

ALSO—

Baltic Deputy (Amkino)—Historical drama. Based on the life of Timiriazev, famous Russian scientist and one of the first intellectuals to join the Bolsheviks. Nikolai Cherkassov, 30-year-old Paul Muni of the U. S. S. R., interprets the 75-year-old scholar shunned by his friends for his radicalism. His moving portrayal makes this the best Soviet film since *Chapayev.* English subtitles.

An Orphan Boy of Vienna (Meteorfilm) — Musical drama. Famed Vienna Choir Boys and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in their screen debut. Familiar plot of the little boy hero becomes a sweet and thoroughly enjoyable film, thanks to the naïvete of the performers, the beauty of the boys' choral singing, and the majesty of the Tyrolian Alps. English subtitles.

Bulldog Drummond Comes Back (Paramount)—Mystery. This installment features John Barrymore as Col. Neilson, John Howard as Drummond. Inferior to previous Bulldoggings.

SPORTS

Skeet, for Example

SIX MILLION persons want so badly to shoot a gun that they apply each year for hunters' licenses. Pennsylvania takes first place, New York second, Michigan third. The number of licenses largely follows population rank, but plainly reflects the fact that shooting is a sport of the masses in rural regions, if one may coin such an expression.

On the farm there is always a crow, a skunk, a rat, or a tin can to draw one's fire. City folk who like to tote a gun must confine their enthusiasm to the very short open season, or join a trapshooting club in the suburbs.

Once under the auspices of arms-and-ammunition makers, but now privately controlled, is the annual competition of amateur trapshooters at Vandalia, Ohio. This attracts a thousand men and women who have survived state competitions. At Vandalia on August 27, F. G. Carroll, a 35-year-old hardware merchant of Brecksville, Ohio, smashed 100 straight targets from the 19-yard line, and a 17-year-old Illinois high-school lad took second place with only one miss.

An offshoot of trapshooting is skeet shooting. The main differences are:

In trapshooting the gun is held at the shoulder, in firing position, when the call "pull" is given. In skeet the gun is held in an informal position, with its stock plainly visible below or behind some part of the shooter's arm.

In trapshooting the target appears instantaneously, from a single trap. In skeet, after the shooter orders a target it may be released by the puller at any time within three seconds. The shooter must not raise his gun to his shoulder until he sees the target in the air.

In trapshooting the targets come from a single trap. In skeet they come first from a high-trap house on the left and second from a low-trap house on the right. These houses are 42 yards apart, and the shooter takes his position at designated stations around a somewhat flattened semicircle that begins and ends at the trap houses. The target passes an imaginary spot 21 yards from the shooter and 15 feet above the ground. It is within bounds during a flight of 42 yards from the trap house.

Under such conditions a Los Angeles dry-cleaner, Otis Walding, age 38, broke 248 out of 250 targets to become America's No. 1 skeet shooter, in the third national championship at Detroit on September 4.

Women are not so good at skeet shooting. Last month's woman champion missed 5 out of 100; last year's missed 11. But boys are often Grade A plus. This year's junior champion, age 13, missed only once. Last year Richard Shaughnessy, then aged 14, missed 8 out of 100 in winning the junior championship, and then stepped out of his class to win the national championship itself, defeating all comers 248 hits out of 250.

INTERNATIONAL

SKEET SHOOTER must keep the gun out of position (behind or below some part of the arm) until his soaring clay target is in sight. Then only may he raise the gun to his shoulder

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County of New York } ss.
State of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Albert Shaw, Jr., who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of The Digest, and the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Albert Shaw, Jr., 233 Fourth Ave., New York Editor, Albert Shaw, 233 Fourth Ave., New York; Managing Editors, Howard Florance, David Page, 233 Fourth Ave., New York. 2. That the owner is: The Review of Reviews Corporation, 233 Fourth Ave., New York; Albert Shaw, 233 Fourth Ave., New York. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed, Albert Shaw, Jr., Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1937. Signed Myrtle Mortimer, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1938.)

The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

Grand—On being asked to write down a definition of "capital punishment," a Glasgow schoolboy submitted this:

"Being locked in an ice-cream or chocolate factory for a week-end would, in my opinion, be capital punishment."
—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Full of Pepper—*Diner:* "Waiter! This stew is terrible. What kind is it?"

Waiter: "The chef calls this his enthusiastic stew."

Diner: "Why?"

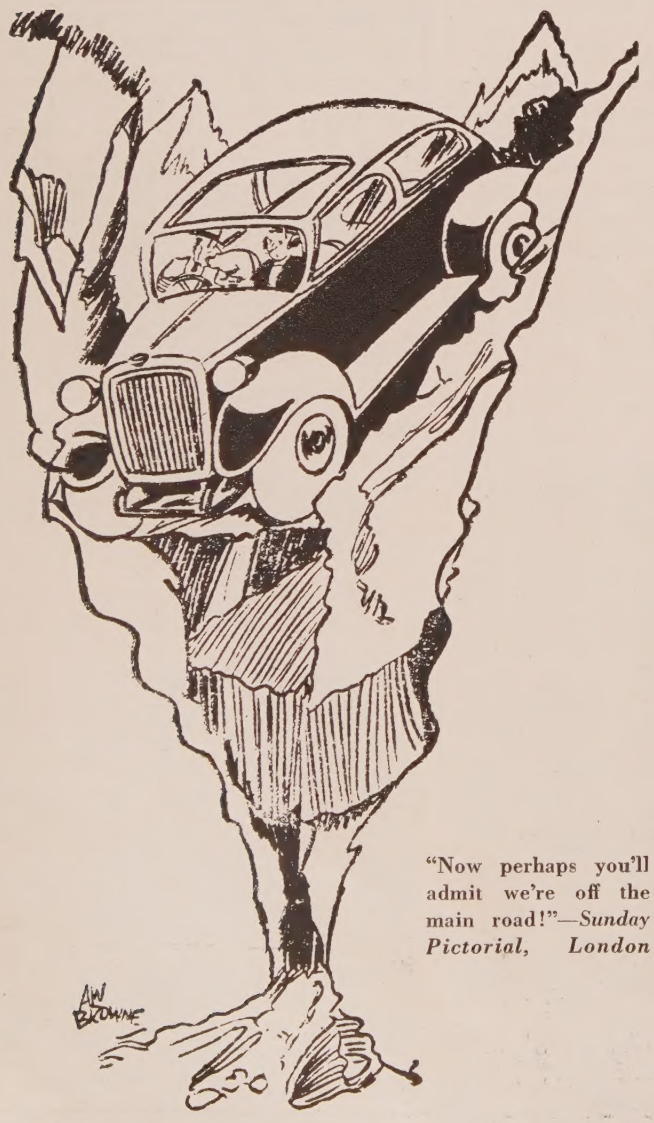
Waiter: "He puts everything he has into it."—*Boys' Life.*

Cutting Criticism—*Customer:* "Listen, barber, I'll never make the train at the speed you're shaving me. You hold the razor still and I'll waggle my face."

Well, Take Your Pick—*Prisoner:* "The judge sent me here for the rest of my life."

Prison Guard: "Got any complaints?"

Prisoner: "Do you call breaking rock with a hammer a rest?"—*Windsor (Ont.) Star.*



"Now perhaps you'll admit we're off the main road!"—*Sunday Pictorial, London*

Crafty—Earth flew in all directions as the crimson-faced would-be golfer attempted to strike the ball. "My word," he blurted out to his caddie, "the worms will think there's an earthquake."

"I don't know," replied the caddie, "the worms 'round here are crafty. I'll bet most of them are hiding underneath the ball for safety."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Homework—"How is it that you are late this morning?" the clerk was asked by his manager.

"I overslept," was the reply.

"What? Do you sleep at home as well?" inquired the manager.—*Kignigen (Oslo).*

Slight Recollection!—An enthusiastic golfer came home to dinner. During the meal his wife said: "Willie tells me he caddied for you this afternoon."

"Well, do you know," said Willie's father, "I thought I'd seen that boy before."—*El Paso Times.*

Tragedy—*Newly-wed Husband*—"Do you mean to say there's only one course for dinner tonight? Just cheese?"

Wife: "Yes, dear. You see, when the chops caught fire and fell into the dessert I had to use the soup to put it out."
—*Boston Transcript.*

Effective Lecture—"Did you give your wife that little lecture on economy you talked about?"

"Yes."

"Any results?"

"Yes—I've got to give up smoking."—*Sarnia Observer.*

Reason—*Tourist* (in Yellowstone Park): "Those Indians have a blood-curdling yell."

Guide: "Yes, ma'am; every one of 'em is a college graduate."—*United Mine Workers Journal.*

Full Value—"Well," said the Englishman to the Scot, as they alighted from the London-Glasgow express, "it's been a long and tiring journey."

"Ay," said the Scot, "an' so it ought tae be, for the money."—*Toronto Globe.*

OR SO THEY SAY—

Owen D. Young: "We need inspiration, not irritation."

The Rev. R. A. Jardine: A cad is someone who forgets he is a gentleman."

Mussolini: "Democracy is only a mask for capitalism."

Henry Ford: "Any system which turns out millions of people who fall for get-rich-quick schemes must have something wrong with it."

Admiralty Lord Duff Cooper: "It is the duty of those in authority to frighten the people of England out of their wits."

Margaret Sanger: "I believe no nation can be free until its women have control over the power that is peculiarly theirs; I mean the power of procreation."

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